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A WAYFARER
THE RHIN

BY MALCOLM L

L. Ho

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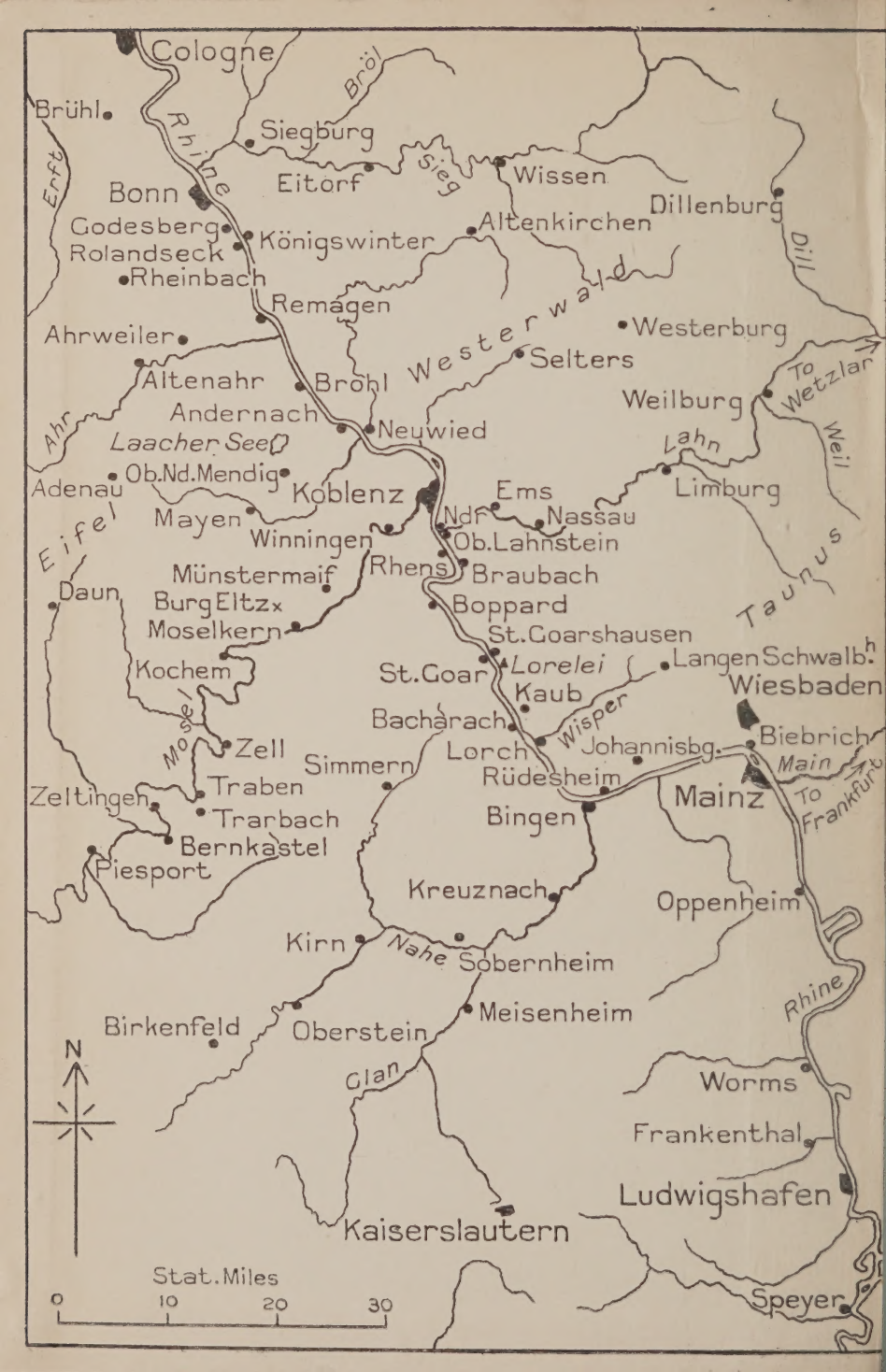
SO YOU'RE GOING TO GERMANY AND AUSTRIA!

By Clara E. Laughlin

In the summer of 1929, Miss Laughlin traveled by motor five thousand miles in Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Hungary, adding the newest and most up-to-date information to the store of material for this new book. Nowhere else in the bounds of a small and handy volume can the traveler find so accurate and comprehensive and at the same time so sprightly and readable a guide. Miss Laughlin regards the ideal tourist journey as one skillfully blended of movement, of fresh, quick impressions, and of leisurely stays where the 'feeding' is richest for your special hunger — whether that hunger be for rest or for inspiration, for shopping or for sports, for museums or for restaurants, for meditation or for dancing. She has sought to let the traveler know in advance of his going where the spots are in which he may like to linger and which places can be seen in a short time. Her book is a delightful aid to first acquaintance or re-acquaintance with Germany and Austria, and also includes excursions to Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

Illustrated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A WAYFARER ON THE RHINE

THE LORELEI

A WAYFARER ON THE RHINE

BY

MALCOLM LETTS

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS AND NINE MAPS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
1930

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY MOTHER

WHO FIRST TAUGHT ME TO LOVE

THE RHINE

PREFACE

THIS book deals with the Rhine between Cologne and Mainz, which is as much as the average holiday-maker from England can expect to see, but I have included in my itinerary Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Worms and Speyer, which may all be conveniently visited during a short Rhine holiday. To continue upstream to Strasburg or Basle, or downstream below Cologne, would mean taking the traveller too far from the land of castles and romance and the real beauty of the Rhineland. Short excursions have been suggested up the Moselle, the Lahn, the Nahe, and the Wisper valley, and it is to be hoped that wayfarers will undertake some of the walks I have described, for the Rhineland is a walker's paradise.

I desire to express my thanks to Mrs. Brake Baldwin for drawing the panoramic views which are based on the large relief map by Hoursch & Bechstedt of Cologne; to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd. for giving me permission to take long passages from Dorothy Wordsworth's *Journals*, edited for them by Mr. William Knight; to the Deutsche Kunst und Verlagsanstalt, Düsseldorf, for allowing

me to make use of one of the photographs appearing in their fine work *Rheinland* (1925); to the editor of the *Times Literary Supplement* for permission to reprint extracts from some reviews of German books which appeared in his pages, and to my wife for much help and encouragement.

It only remains to say that for general use Baedeker's *Rhine* (new edition 1928) is still the best guide-book. If further maps are needed, the Reichskarten issued by the Verlag des Reichamts für Landesaufnahme, Berlin (Deutsche Motorradfahrer Karten) are excellent and cheap. Blatt Köln covers the country from Cologne almost to Bingen and includes Mainz. Blatt Trier covers the Moselle and Bingen, Kreuznach and the Nahe valley. Herr Hoitz's *Rheinwanderbuch*, mentioned in my introduction, has also excellent maps for the use of the walker. For further details concerning the historical personages mentioned in the following pages, reference should be made to Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, and Bishop Stubbs' *Germany in the Early and Later Middle Ages*. My descriptions of the various monuments and works of art owe much to G. Dehio's invaluable *Handbuch der deutschen Kunstdenkmäler*, Vols. IV and V. Travellers who are interested in stained glass—an enthralling study—should take with them C. H. Sherrill's *Stained Glass Tours in Germany, Austria*

and the Rhine Lands, 1927, a fine book by an expert and enthusiast. For church architecture in general see T. F. Bumpus, *The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine and North Germany*. Travellers who wish to know something about modern German life should read Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's *Home Life in Germany*, which is still the best book. It was written before the war, and social conditions have changed, but it is in no sense out of date. Mrs. Violet Markham's *A Woman's Watch on the Rhine* gives a vivid picture of post-war Germany, and contains a delightful chapter on Das Bergische Land, with more details than I have space for. Travellers who will trouble to learn a little German before visiting Germany will find their pleasure greatly increased, but a knowledge of German is not essential. I have closed my book with some suggestions for a tour with a car, and without one. If a car is taken, the A.A. or the R.A.C. will make all the arrangements.

My memories of the Rhine go back to my school-days. I have lived by it in summer and winter, boated on it, bathed in it, crossed it on the ice, and been nearly drowned in it; and my book proceeds from a very grateful heart.

M. L.

February, 1930

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INTRODUCTION

THE history of a great river is as interesting as the history of a famous town, and is much more varied, for it runs like a thread through every phase of story and romance. The Rhine is not only the German national river. It typifies the struggle of centuries for the possession of the chief natural waterway of Europe. Celts, Teutons, Romans, all fought and died on its banks, all pondered how best to make its passage, while civilizations lived and died. Its rulers have left everywhere the evidences of their passing—towns, cathedrals, monasteries and castles, a shrine, a grave, remain to mark their strength, their piety, and their failures. At Rhens, beside the river, is the Königsstuhl, where the electors sat to choose their kings. At Aachen, which is within the Rhine Province, they were crowned, and at Speyer many of them lie buried. The great stream links them all together and flows on with its secrets undisclosed.

With the establishment of the great towns, the history of the Rhine becomes more and more the history of a highway, bidding year by year for the

traffic from the West, yet sorely hampered by the rapacity of innumerable lords of castles and districts who levied toll and enforced their staple and transfer rights against everyone who passed. Somewhere about 1250 there were twenty toll-stations between Bingen and Cologne, and as late as the seventeenth century Coryat counted eleven between Mainz and Cologne, each tax-collector or ' publican ' being ready at a moment's notice to discharge a ' peece of ordinance ' against any boat which tried to slip past. Not even the discovery of the New World, which changed most of the great transport routes, could destroy the Rhine traffic. The only change was that the main control passed from Venice and Genoa to Antwerp and Amsterdam, and that goods began to go upstream rather than downstream. Then the boats were towed up from the tow-path and drifted down with the current. Now, of course, the boats are towed both up and down by tugs, since drifting is too slow and dangerous for the larger craft which have supplanted the smaller type of boat. The tourist of the sixteenth century and later usually made his Rhine journey drifting downstream or being towed laboriously against the current by men or horses. The voyage from Mainz to Cologne took three days, and was accomplished in light boats with high deck coverings, or on rafts hastily

run together, which terrified the passengers at times, but which were far more secure than they seemed. In contemporary travel diaries and letters we recall, however faintly, the time when commercial Europe and feudal Europe were still mingled together in life and activity. We see the little, neat, walled towns and villages, the narrow, ill-made roads which skirted the stream or wandered off into the hills, the castle fortresses intact and formidable, the grave, secluded houses of religion, aptly disposed, and lying peacefully among the sunny vineyards and green fields. Possibly the sense of security was greater, and the inns above the average, or it may have been the quiet beauty of the landscape, but it is a remarkable fact that the average tourist of the period ceases to grumble at Mainz and begins again at Cologne. We shall meet these early travellers again, and very delightful companions they are.

The religious troubles following immediately on the Reformation caused grave havoc among the churches of the Rhine Province, but it was the Thirty Years' War which laid it waste. Swedes and imperialists between them turned whole districts into deserts, and many villages and towns disappeared in flames. The damage was being restored when war broke out again, and the armies of Louis XIV and Louis XV swept over the

Rhineland, burning, ravaging and destroying without restraint. In 1689 Heidelberg was sacked. Shortly afterwards Mannheim, Speyer and Worms suffered the same fate. Heidelberg Castle, a triumph of Renaissance architecture, was blown up, and at Speyer the tombs of the German kings were desecrated and their bones scattered far and wide. Most of the castles which we see to-day in ruins owe their destruction to the generals of Louis XIV. The Rhine district was completely devastated, and there was scarcely a town or village which had not a tale to tell of destruction, murder, and rapine. It is recorded of one German village that it was pillaged eight-and-twenty times in two years and twice in one day.

The French Revolution saw the French well established on the left bank of the Rhine, and although the invaders were rapacious and overbearing, the corruption of centuries, the despotic tyranny of petty princes, the enervating rule of the ecclesiastical electors, and the misgovernment of the Free Cities were all swept away, and a path was cleared for institutions more suited to the requirements of the modern world. The Congress of Vienna in 1815 gave the lower part of the Rhine, from Mainz to Aachen, to Prussia, but it was not until 1870-1, and the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, that the river became Germany's river

and not its frontier. Of recent events this is no place to speak. International commissions and foreign occupations are the business of treaty-makers and politicians, and most fortunately have nothing to do with wayfaring.

It is far too common a cry that the Rhine has been commercialized and spoilt. The river between Cologne and Bonn is frankly uninteresting, and both the railway and the road, for the most part, avoid it. It is a curious fact that in this part of the world the road and railway make excellent guides. They retire when there is nothing to see, and can usually be relied on to bring the visitor back again to the river at the right moment. Between Bonn and Remagen begins one of the most lovely stretches of the river. I know of no more beautiful place than Rolandseck with its views of the Seven Mountains. Remagen to-day is a little too devoted to the bottling and shipping of Apollinaris water, but Andernach and Brohl are lovely, and above Coblenz, as far as Bingen, the Rhine is incomparably beautiful, the true home of legend and romance. The mischief is that Rhine travellers of to-day are usually in a hurry. They rush up by train and down by steamer, as if they had a grudge against loveliness in general and the Rhine in particular. Possibly the weather is unkind, or the train or boat is crowded. There

will probably be far too much food and drink in evidence on the boat, and the German habit of bursting into song on the slightest provocation can be a little trying at times. But if travellers would only give themselves breathing space to spend a day or two at Rolandseck, or a week-end at Boppard, St. Goar, Bacharach, or Trechtlingshausen, and explore some of the Rhine hills and woods on foot or by car, they would return with very different impressions. The hills and villages offer endless attractions. Some of the valleys opening out from the Rhine are still, for the foreigner at least, unknown country. The Gründelbach valley, which connects St. Goar with the Moselle, has a fine motoring road which climbs the wooded hills with easy gradients, carrying the traveller through remote upland villages to a plateau from which the views are beyond description; but beautiful as it is, it seems somehow to have been overlooked. I have never met a compatriot upon it, only here and there a group of German youths and maidens perambulating the countryside with their packs, guitars, and cooking-pots. The valley of the Wisper, running up by Lorch, is a lovely retreat on a summer's day for angler and walker alike. The valley of the Brohl takes the traveller to the Laacher See with its stately abbey set in the heart of the woods. In the woods near Bingen there

are thickets so solitary that the deer seem still uncertain whether to regard the intruder as a friend or an enemy.

These places and many more are within the reach of every Rhine wayfarer with a rucksack or a small car, and no one can be said to know the Rhine country until he has seen them. There are no difficulties in the matter of accommodation. It is a golden rule never to despise a Gasthaus in Germany because it looks small and uninviting. The Herr Besitzer will discuss his cellar with you, his Frau will cook you a most satisfying meal, which will be served, as likely as not, by a bright-eyed little damsel of some twelve summers; your room, if you stay the night, will be scrupulously clean, and if you are motoring there will be a stable or cow-shed for your car.

But it is the walkers who have the best of the Rhineland. The whole district is excellently signposted, and the paths marked R can be relied on to take the walker through the pick of the country, far away from trains and cars. These are the Rheinhöhenwege. They owe their existence and marking to a great Rhine walker, Herr Hoitz, who was charged in 1906 with the task of indicating the best routes and, where necessary, of making fresh paths which would take the walker a day's journey or so from a given centre, and show him

the woods and hills. The paths were to comply with three conditions. They must keep to the woods, provide frequent views of the Rhine, and not be too steep for the average walker. It was not possible always to comply with these rules owing to the numerous side valleys, which necessitated wide detours, but the system has been excellently devised and executed, and when the wayfarer sees the letter R on a signpost he can proceed without anxiety. The path will never take him far from the Rhine, and will bring him down to the river in ample time to return to his centre by train or boat, or to make fresh arrangements for the night. Herr Hoitz's son has written a useful little handbook for walkers, with excellent maps in which the paths are marked in red, and every Rhine walker should have a copy. It is constantly being brought up to date (Hans Hoitz, *Rheinwanderbuch,* published by Schaar and Dathe, Trier, M.3.50).

A WAYFARER ON THE RHINE

A WAYFARER ON THE RHINE

CHAPTER I

AACHEN

THERE are several routes from London to the Rhine. If the traveller crosses from Harwich to the Hook of Holland he will miss Aachen, as the train goes by way of Nymwegen and Cleve. Other routes from Calais or Ostend, via Brussels, take in Aachen. Last year I crossed from Harwich to Antwerp, and then drove by car, via Malines, Louvain, and Liège to Aachen, and thence to Cologne. But somehow or other Aachen must be seen, and if necessary it can be reached in about two hours by train from Cologne.

As a whole Aachen has not preserved much of its medieval appearance, but the Minster and Rathaus standing side by side are magnificent, and more history has been made in the small

space which encloses them than anywhere else in Germany. For Aachen was the home and final resting-place of Charlemagne, and it was to Aachen that the German kings came to be crowned. No one can say where Charlemagne was buried, but somewhere in the peace of his own great church, in the year 814, the lord of so much majesty, of whom it was said that he had given the Franks the sway of Romulus, was laid to rest amidst the lamentations of an empire. The legend connected with the finding of his body in the year 1000 by Otto III has been destroyed by historians, but it is never likely to be forgotten. Then one who might have been the greatest of his successors descended into the tomb and, so the story runs, gazed upon the dead emperor sitting on a golden throne as though he were still alive. He wore a golden crown, in his hand was a sceptre, and open before him was a gospel book. Corruption had not touched his limbs, only the tip of his nose was missing, which Otto restored with gold. The young emperor unclasped the golden cross, removed the book, and took his leave of the mighty dead. Two years later, aged only twenty-one, at a time when princes put on rather than lay down their arms, Otto, too, was dead, and his embalmed body was brought to Aachen and buried in the same church. The empty grave can still be seen in the

THE MINSTER AT AACHEN
SHOWING BARBAROSSA'S CHANDELIER

choir. His bones crumbled to dust when the tomb was opened in 1910.

The coronations went on intermittently from 813, when Charlemagne with his own hand set the crown upon the head of his son, Louis the Pious (of whom it was said that he never showed his teeth in a smile), until 1531, when Ferdinand, younger brother of Charles V, brought the long list to a close. In the seven centuries which elapsed between these two dates Aachen saw the crowning of thirty-two kings. Frederick Barbarossa came down the Rhine in 1152, was crowned, gave the town the right to hold its fairs, granted privileges to the merchants who even then were penetrating as far as Hungary with their famous cloths, ordered the town to be fortified with walls, and presented to the church the great circular gilt bronze light which still hangs like a crown from the roof. It was Barbarossa who commissioned the lovely shrine in which to preserve the bones of Charlemagne, which is still one of the treasures of the church, and his grandson, Frederick II, *stupor mundi*, on one of his rare visits to Germany, closed the shrine in 1215 and drove home the nails with his own hands. There were peaceful coronations, and coronations with the noise of battle ringing in the ears of the people and strife in the heart of

the ruler. Kings and queens, and little children in the care of their nurses, all came there to be crowned. The town was besieged again and again by those who claimed the right to sit in Charlemagne's seat and gird on his sword. When Count William of Holland marched on the town in 1248 he invested it for six months and then dammed up the outlets of the streams, and drowned and starved the people into submission. Aachen must have thought at times that its privileges were dearly bought.

In 1257 an Englishman was crowned there, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother to our Henry III. The electors as a rule were not averse from selling their votes. Richard did not go so far as one of his predecessors, who was prepared to buy his election by giving away practically every foot of the imperial lands on the Rhine and in Westphalia, but he scattered his money all over Germany. Conrad, archbishop of Cologne, was to receive 8,000 marks if Richard was elected, and 3,000 if he was not successful. As a chronicler said, the king could have bought the oil for his anointing far more cheaply in England. Richard brought with him a new crown and insignia, which were handed to the chapter for safe custody, and some of these jewels are still kept in the treasury. His memory is preserved also in the so-called Curia

of King Richard, which was used as the town hall until the larger and more imposing Rathaus was built. It still survives in part and is used as a store-house for archives.

The church consists of two parts of different styles and dates. The original eastern portion was destroyed when the fine Gothic choir was commenced in 1353. The part dating from the time of Charlemagne, an octagonal central area, is surmounted by a dome, and two great staircases lead upwards to a lovely vaulted gallery, adorned by antique marble columns brought from Rome, Ravenna, and Trieste. Restoration and replacement have, of course, been necessary, but the work has been very skilfully done. In this gallery, placed so that the whole of the choir is seen through the pillars, is the throne of Charlemagne, a plain white marble chair in which every German king sat after his coronation. The traveller will do well to pause here, for to stand and gaze down into the dim light of the great church below is an impressive experience. The bronze balustrades, like the huge bronze doors of the church, came from the imperial foundry not later than 804. From the roof depends Barbarossa's chandelier. Through the columns can be seen the grave of Otto III. A chronicler writing of the church at Aachen says that it seemed a work half human, half divine. To-day

silence cries out in the presence of so much greatness.

No one should miss seeing the Schatzkammer or Treasury. Most remarkable of all its possessions is the Karlschrein, a magnificent reliquary containing the bones of Charlemagne, who was canonized in 1165. It was commissioned by Frederick Barbarossa, who opened the tomb for a second time in 1165 and transferred the remains to a wooden coffin, and, as we have seen, the reliquary was closed in 1215 by his grandson, Frederick II. It is an amazing piece of work, very richly adorned and sparkling with jewels. At one end is the figure of the Virgin, at the other the figure of Charlemagne, while on the sides are seated images of kings from Louis the Pious to Frederick II, all masterpieces of the metal-workers' art and extraordinarily vivid in their attempts at characterization. There is also a sumptuous reliquary containing relics of the Virgin and, what is of particular interest to English visitors, the crown of Margaret of York, probably that worn on the occasion of her marriage to Charles the Bold at Bruges in 1468, a dainty little silver gilt circle fit for a dainty head. Some of the treasures, including the book said to have been removed from Charlemagne's tomb, his sword, and the imperial crown, some part of which dates probably from 993, were taken from Aachen in a

dung cart before the outbreak of the French Revolution, and are now at Vienna. Surely they might be returned.

The Rathaus to-day is largely a modern building, but it is very successful with its high-pitched roofs and picturesque towers, and inside is the great hall of the emperors, where thirty-two kings and eleven queens banqueted after their coronations. It was begun in 1333 on the site of the old Carlovingian palace, and completed about 1370, but Aachen suffered much from fire, and the building was injured (luckily not seriously) in a disastrous outbreak in 1656, which almost destroyed the town. The Rathaus was then restored, but in 1883 it was again injured by fire, and the building, as we see it now, was completed as recently as 1903. The Kaisersaal contains some very striking frescoes, one of which shows Otto III opening the vault of Charlemagne. Three of the old town gates have survived, the Marschier Tor, the Langer Turm, and the Pont Tor, all of which deserve a visit. The town itself is bright and prosperous, and, of course, the place has a considerable reputation as a spa, but the knowing traveller will not stray far from the Minster and the Rathaus. My advice is to see them both in company with the guide and then go back to the Minster alone, preferably in the late afternoon, and sit quietly there and wait while the great

church gives up its secrets. To the student of history the Minster at Aachen is an awe-inspiring place, and even the most careless visitor must feel himself lifted for a little from the round of common things amidst such haunting memories of majesty and greatness.

CHAPTER II

COLOGNE

COLOGNE to-day is an attractive modern city. Seen from the river with its high roofs and towers, and the great leaping spires of the Cathedral, it looks extraordinarily imposing. On closer acquaintance it proves to be full of interest, with bright clean streets, excellent shops and garden restaurants to suit all purses, theatres, a fine zoological garden, important picture galleries and museums, and a very imposing-looking Hochhaus or sky-scraper. There is also an elaborate and complicated service of electric tramways and light railways serving every part of the city and suburbs. But a word of warning may be welcome to the uninitiated, for in certain of these vehicles (but not all), you can only enter in the middle and must leave by the front or back. Ignorance of this rather unfair regulation may mean that a stranger can stand for a considerable time at the stopping-places, trying vainly to climb into tram after tram, only to find at each attempt that his admission to a half-empty vehicle is inexplicably barred.

I know of no place on the Rhine where middle-class German town life of to-day can be better studied, for the streets are filled at every hour of the day, and the people have the Rhineland characteristics, a vast capacity for work and a genius for enjoying themselves. Their taste in wine is beyond reproach, and at carnival time the whole town goes mad.

From the seventeenth century onwards, until the advent of steamboats and railways which remade its fortunes, Cologne must have been an uninviting place. Up to 1840 and later there were great blank spaces overgrown with weeds inside the walls, and when Victor Hugo saw the Cathedral, brambles and wild flowers were growing between the stones and climbing up the main porch, while the interior was filthy beyond belief. That delightful traveller, Dorothy Wordsworth, tells us that on seeing Cologne she experienced something of the melancholy which she might have felt on beholding 'a female tricked out with ornaments while disease and death were on her countenance', and Coleridge's lines are well known:

> 'In Köln, a town of monks and bones,
> And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
> And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches,
> I counted two-and-seventy stenches,

COLOGNE

All well defined, and several stinks!
Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine? '

Some fifty years ago, however, the city began to improve. It cleaned up its streets and buildings and expanded into ' rings ' and spacious avenues. The ' rings ' which then marked the limits of the city are now well inside it. Houses and public buildings have sprung up on the outskirts, and the latest extension has almost encircled the city with gardens and open spaces. The line of the walls is still indicated by several old gates, now in some instances used as museums, which mark the ancient entries into the city and preserve very pleasantly and restfully something of the spirit of the Middle Ages amidst the stress and hurry of modern life. They are particularly welcome, for Cologne looks forward rather than to the past, and every year sees the disappearance of some relic of its ancient greatness.

The history of Cologne goes back to very early times. It was the seat of the Legate of Germania Inferior, and was probably surrounded by walls in the first century of the Christian era. In 308 Constantine the Great began to build a stone bridge across the river to Deutz, which seems to have

survived until the tenth century, when the Normans destroyed it. The town was raised to the dignity of an Archbishopric by Charlemagne, and although these spiritual lords did their best by oppression and quarrels to ruin its prosperity (one of them, as we shall see when we come to the Rathaus, threw a prominent burgher into a lion's den), the cause of communal freedom triumphed at the battle of Worringen in 1288, and the archbishops were driven from the city. Cologne began now to thrive as never before, and by the fifteenth century it was one of the wealthiest of trade centres, almost rivalling Lübeck itself. It developed its own school of painting, beautified its streets with splendid public buildings, built and renovated more churches than its citizens can ever have filled, and made spasmodic attempts to complete its cathedral, which is to-day one of the great buildings of the world.

Seen from outside and close at hand the very magnificence of Cologne Cathedral has something premeditated and distant about it. It lacks, perhaps, the touch of simplicity and joy, that sanctity of common things, which stamps the work of the medieval craftsman, but inside it is, to me, at least, entirely satisfying. It has a loveliness which is indescribable, and to sit there on a summer's day and watch the light streaming through the coloured windows, picking out a

corner here and deepening the shadows elsewhere, is to be straightway transported to another world. As you enter through the great west door there is nothing to obstruct the view or dwarf the church's magnificent proportions. The nave with its great soaring columns, the roof, so delicately poised that it seems to hang in space, the stately sequence of the choir, and finally the altar and great east window above it, all sweep down upon you in a moment. The dominating impression is one of peace and illimitable space, and it is difficult to tear oneself away.

This glorious church took six hundred years to build. It was founded about the last quarter of the thirteenth century, and the choir was finished about fifty years later during the last half-century of the great Gothic building age. Then the architectural activity slackened, and there were centuries of apathy and neglect until 1880, when the last stone was laid. A feature of all early views of Cologne is the great crane which crowns the stump of the south tower, at once a reproach and an appeal for alms. Memlinc shows it in one of the panels on his Shrine of St. Ursula at Bruges—a lovely picture of fifteenth-century Cologne—and it was still there in 1868. Apparently it was once removed, but a severe thunderstorm struck the city, and the people demanded that it should be replaced forthwith.

Before entering the church we must notice the portal of the south tower to the right of the main portal. This (the Petrus portal) contains some fine stone figures of the early fifteenth century which deserve the closest study. There are two standing figures of apostles by the door, but note specially the seated figures which rise in four divisions round the curve of the arch. These are extraordinarily characteristic and life-like. There is St. Jerome reading with fixed attention from a book on a little standing table. St. Matthew is also reading, while his fingers turn back the pages as if he is searching for something he has missed. His book is supported on his knees by a cherub. In another St. George (seated) is slaying the dragon with what looks like a hammer and chisel. Then there are bearded prophets, angels playing instruments, and other figures too numerous to mention, but all full of life and grace. The visitor who desires to study them in detail can do so in an excellent little book on the Cathedral by H. Förster ('Deutsche Bauten' series), price M.3.50.

The choir, a very perfect example of early Gothic, contains fourteen remarkable stone figures of Christ and the Virgin Mary, saints, apostles and prophets. They stand high up against the columns beneath canopies on which are child-angels making music with great joy and gusto.

The date of the figures is uncertain, but they belong probably to the fourteenth century. The faces are somewhat conventional, but the sensation of life and movement in the draperies and in the poise of the bodies is very striking. The sculptor seems to have caught his subjects at a moment when each was saying or doing something interesting. A gesture, an uplifted finger, a bending of the body is sufficient to throw the whole group into life. In some lights the figures seem to be talking earnestly together, at others they are swaying to the music of the angels above their heads. I have seen them when they appeared to be in the act of stepping down from their pillars. However many times you visit the Cathedral they seem always to be about to change their positions or to do something fresh.

The modern Gothic High Altar is backed by the carved Altar of St. Clara, containing paintings representing scenes from the life of Christ attributed to an early master of the Cologne school, Master Wilhelm (d. 1380?), which are full of a gentle domestic humanity. Sir Martin Conway (*The Van Eycks*, p. 11) has a charming description: 'See how in the Nativity the Babe leans out of the manger and tries to reach His Mother's cheek to kiss it, the while the ass licks His Head and the little angels fluttering in the air above make music on their rudimentary instruments. Or note

how happily father and mother unite to bathe the Child in His tub, she tenderly holding Him, he pouring warm water over His back from a copper pot—angels busy overhead as before. . . . Happiness is the keynote, happiness in domesticity in a world of people of goodwill. That was the kind of ideal place the much-tried folk of those days pictured as a haven of rest from the evils of this world.' It is a curious fact that, with the slackening of architectural activity at Cologne, came an outburst of painting which filled the Rhineland with devotional pictures of a very intimate and human kind. It seems almost as if there had grown up a craving for something more homely in religion, something nearer the heart of man, than the majestic and soaring pinnacles and arches of a great Gothic cathedral. There were, of course, other reasons, but the fact remains, that when painting flourished at Cologne building languished. The carved choir stalls should also be studied. The unknown craftsman has allowed his humour and imagination full play. There are knights and ladies, animals, and drolleries of all kinds, and one of the misericords has on it as vivid an illustration of a street fight as could be found anywhere.

In the choir are seven chapels, notable for their tombs and relics and old glass, and all worthy of the closest attention. Note, for example, the fine

figure and beautiful treatment of armour on the tomb of Gottfried von Arnsberg (d. 1370) in the chapel of the Virgin. Another tomb in this chapel is that of Archbishop Reinard von Dassel, a martial prelate, much addicted to fighting, who distinguished himself with Barbarossa in Italy. When his tomb was opened a few years ago his skull was found to be dented and scarred with sword cuts. Conrad von Hochstaden, another archbishop, the founder of the Cathedral, lies in the chapel of St. Engelbert. He was the opponent of the Emperor Frederick II and came personally to London in 1257 to offer the imperial crown to Richard of Cornwall. He, too, was a man of strife, and little is recorded of him that was good, but his tomb, with his figure in bronze, is one of the finest of its kind in Germany. In the chapel of St. Michael is the famous picture by Stephen Lochner (*c.* 1450) the ' Adoration of the Magi ', a work which excited the interest of Dürer when he was at Cologne in 1520. Indeed, it is owing to an entry in his diary that Lochner's name is known to us. It is a wonderful picture, clearly influenced by the Flemish school, but very strong and full of individuality. The Three Kings, Cologne's most treasured patrons, are kneeling round the Virgin offering their gifts. Two are bearded, with strongly marked features; all three, except for

their richly embroidered robes, might have stepped straight out of the market-place, and the onlookers and attendants carry the flags and banners which the people of Cologne have always delighted to display. The Virgin is shown as the artist loved to present her, a gentle maiden lifted by the mystery of her motherhood away from the common things of every day, a solemn, beautiful, and mystic figure. On the wings are the warriors of St. Gereon, and St. Ursula with her company of English Virgins. The richness of the colouring is very marked. It seems as if the artist had been intent to catch something of the riot of pomp and extravagance of medieval Cologne, and then by contrast to show us the beauty of simplicity and peace in the face of the Mother, and in the silence which pervades the little chamber in the Annunciation on the outer panel. There are other pictures by Lochner at Cologne, one in the Archbishops' Museum, the 'Madonna with the Violet', and the 'Last Judgment' and the 'Madonna in the Rose Arbour' in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum, the latter a lovely work full of joy and colour. Here again the Madonna is true to type, but she and the Child are remote from the world, seated in a little arbour, while child-angels surround the pair singing and making music. The artist's mystic qualities, his sense of composition and his strength of line, can

perhaps be best appreciated by the study of the great picture in the Cathedral, but the ' Madonna in the Rose Arbour ' is a tender, lovely picture.

Adjoining the St. Michael's Chapel is the Chapel of the Three Kings who may be said to have made the reputation of Cologne as one of the world's holy places, and whose memory is still preserved in the three crowns in the city's arms.

The translation of these bodies, which had been found by the Empress Helena in Constantinople and then lost, aroused the greatest excitement throughout Christendom. They were obtained in 1164 from the Emperor Barbarossa, who had discovered them at Milan when he captured and destroyed the city, and in the same year they were brought to Cologne. A letter is in existence, dated 1164, in which they are described as still uncorrupt, intact, and as if preserved in balsam, retaining both skin and hair. The kings, according to Coryat, were Melchior, ' an olde man with a long beard and haire, Gaspar, a beardless young man and ruddie, and Balthasar, very tawny and fully bearded '. A yearly festival was instituted in their honour, and shortly afterwards the magnificent reliquary was prepared in which the remains are still deposited. This was preserved originally in the chapel in the choir, and in 1434 an astonishing miracle was performed there. Some work was

being carried out in the roof when a great stone leapt from the ropes just above the place where the holy bodies were lying, whereupon the shrine took two steps to the right so that the stone fell harmlessly beside it. Another version of this story records that the stone was flung from the top of the Seven Mountains by the devil, who was annoyed at the progress which was being made with the church, but that Providence raised a great wind which blew the stone out of its course. The devil's stone and the hole in the roof were long shown to visitors. The Reliquary of the Magi can be seen in the Treasury, a magnificent specimen of Romanesque workmanship in the form of a basilica. It dates from the twelfth century, and is the work, in part at least, of the most famous goldsmith of his time, Nikolaus of Verdun. The seated figures of apostles and prophets are wonderfully vivid and natural. The shrine was damaged during the French Revolution, and a good deal of restoration was necessary, but it is still the finest of its kind.

In another chapel are preserved an early sketch for the west front, a ground plan of the Cathedral, and part of a drawing for the south tower, all documents of the greatest interest which take one straight back to the medieval workshop. It was said that the devil had a hand in the original design for the church, but he must have gone out of business

as an architect long before the drawings were executed, for they belong to the fourteenth century. The sketches have an extraordinary history. They were removed for greater safety during Napoleonic times and then lost sight of. A portion was found in 1814, having been used to line a box containing clothes, and the remainder was discovered in Paris two years later. Particular note should also be taken of the fine old glass filling the clerestory windows of the choir, and in the north (left) aisle of the nave—brilliant examples of colouring and characterization. There is some fine old glass scattered about in several other windows, but nothing to equal these. The ascent of the south tower is worth any amount of exertion, for the view from the top is magnificent. I will not attempt to describe it, but content myself by recording the opinion of a seventeenth-century traveller who saw the same prospect from the roof of the Rathaus, that ' it is a very pleasant thing to behold Cologne and the delicate country about it from the top of this tower '.

If the visitor is intent on seeing all the churches at Cologne he must make a long stay. St. Ursula's church, which preserves the bones of the Saint and her eleven thousand virgins (or some of them) arranged in cases round the wall, is a gruesome place. It reminded Roger Ascham, who was there

in the sixteenth century, of his library at home: no books, he thought, could stand fairer in a study than did those bones in their cases; an odd conceit to come from such a genial traveller, but as he had been listening to a lecture on Aristotle in Greek, his thoughts may have been somewhat detached. St. Cunibert, St. Maria im Capitol (with a magnificent carved oak door of the twelfth century and some of the finest early Romanesque glass in Germany), the Apostles' church, St. Gereon, and Great St. Martin (if only on account of its magnificent tower), all deserve a visit, and there are many more, for Cologne was credited at one time with as many churches and chapels as there are days in the year. St. Pantaleon contains the grave of the Greek princess, Theophano, wife of the Emperor Otto II. But it must be admitted that the hand of the restorer has rested heavily on the Cologne churches. They are all described in T. F. Bumpus's *The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine and North Germany*, and more briefly in Baedeker.

Apart from churches there is enough in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral, and between the Hohestrasse and the river, to occupy the most determined of sight-seers. Here, within a comparatively narrow circuit, are the Rathaus, the Gürzenich with its striking turrets, where the

Council entertained its famous guests and where the carnival ball is still held, the old market, and a number of narrow lanes leading down to the river to show what Cologne must have been like a hundred years ago. The Rathaus has a most imposing tower and a fine Renaissance portico built on to the older front, with sculptured reliefs, one of which records the story of the burgomaster Gryn who was shut up with a lion by a pleasantly disposed archbishop in 1264. The tower takes one back to the days when the guilds were striving to throw off the tyranny of the wealthy burghers, for it was built in 1406-14 from the fortunes of a number of patricians who were banished from the city, and whose estates were confiscated. Inside is the Hansa Saal, dating from the fourteenth century, with fine armorial windows, where meetings of the Hanseatic League were held. At a diet there in 1368 seventy-seven cities, members of the League, declared war on the King of Denmark. The war ended in the defeat of the King, and secured for the Hanseatic League a dominion in Scandinavian countries which lasted for two hundred years. The Gürzenich has been restored, but it dates from 1452 and is one of Cologne's finest secular buildings, a striking specimen of civic architecture, with long narrow windows, parapets, and towers which remind us

that there were times when even a dancing hall might have to serve as a fortress at a moment's notice. Here in 1474 the Emperor Frederick III and his son Maximilian were entertained by the Council. The writer of the *Cologne Chronicle* tells us that a ball was specially arranged so that the Emperor might feast his eyes on the beauty of the Cologne ladies. At the suggestion of the bishops of Mainz and Trier, the married women and girls joined hands and danced up and down the hall, thirty-six couples in all, to the delight of the royal guests, who then entertained the whole company with wine and sweet cakes. Amidst all the demands which a great modern city makes upon its ancient buildings, it is pleasant to think that the Gürzenich has survived with its memories of Frederick and Maximilian, the one the representative of a dying age, the other a young man on the threshold of a new world, putting aside their cares of state and making merry within its walls. It is worthy of remark too, as typifying one aspect of the Rhineland temperament, that the citizens were content to spend so much thought and money on the building and beautifying of a hall for feasting and merrymaking while their cathedral remained unfinished.

In the Rheingasse, not far off, is a fine thirteenth-century burgher residence with stepped gables, the

Tempel-Haus which belonged to the patrician family of Overstolzen, now used as the Chamber of Commerce. The memory of this family, which played an important part in the history of the city, is preserved also in a monument let into a fragment of the walls close to the Ulrepforte, on the outskirts of the town, which dates from the fourteenth century. It records how, when the city was about to be betrayed and given over to the enemy, who were to creep in through a hole in the wall at this spot, the veteran Matthias Overstolzen held the breach with forty knights and gave his life in defence of the city. The monument, a sculptured tablet, was set up by the Council, and is full of life and movement. The conflict goes on below, while the hosts of Heaven are seen raining down blows upon the unfortunate attackers from the clouds, and less holy spectators, their heads propped on their arms, look on stolidly from the battlements. But this is a digression which has taken us far from the river, and we must return in order to notice the Stapelhaus, with a graceful pointed turret, at the end of the Zollstrasse, which dates from the sixteenth century. Here goods were stored until they had paid duty, and some idea of what this district must have looked like in the hey-day of the city's prosperity can be gathered from the record of one chronicler, who tells us

that it was at times scarcely possible to squeeze a passage through the streets and along the quays, so great were the crowds and so dense was the litter of bales and goods waiting to be shipped.

There are several interesting old houses still standing in the Neumarkt close to the river (some of them painted pink, light blue, and green), but one never knows what is disappearing at Cologne. An interesting old house in the Neumarkt has just been sacrificed to make way for new premises connected with a textile business. This is the Richmod-Haus at the corner of the Richmodstrasse, not perhaps a very beautiful specimen of Renaissance architecture, but the Emperor Maximilian often lodged there, and it has always held a valued place in the popular mind. From an upper window two stone horses' heads looked down on to the street. In all probability they formed part of the arms of Nicolas Hackeney who built the house, but every child knew that they had been placed there long ago to perpetuate the miraculous awakening of Richmodis, the wife of a knight, from the dead. The lady had died of the plague, but reappeared at the door of the house, knocking for admission. The husband on being told that his wife was there, instead of going to look, exclaimed with true medieval obliquity that he would believe it if his horses walked upstairs.

Immediately their hoofs were heard clattering on the stairs, and when the knight went out they were looking at him from the topmost window. For the present visitors must seek them elsewhere, but I am informed that they are to be replaced on the new building, and a drawing showing them as they appeared for centuries is in the Museum in the Hahnentor.

In this quarter by the river were the inns, about which a great deal was written in the early days of tourists, for the hosts were specially attentive to the needs of their guests, even anointing the mattresses with a special preparation as a specific against bugs and fleas. There was a very famous inn described by the Castilian knight, Pero Tafur, in the fifteenth century, which was run by a kind of syndicate of noblemen who put up the necessary capital, selected the host and shared the profits. Here, by paying a lump sum down, a gentleman could live for the rest of his life, with a room, a bed, two large and two small meals a day, and money for Mass. In another, the *Angel*, in the sixteenth century the host kept a remarkable raven of which many stories were told. 'It spoke and understood perfectly what was said to it. If in the evening there was a knock at the door the bird asked: "Is anybody knocking?" "Yes," replied the newcomer. But as the travellers'

room happened to be at the back of the house, overlooking the river, nobody stirred, and the knocking was repeated, the bird on its part repeating the same question. "Can't you hear?" said the claimant for admission, out of patience and knocking much louder, so that they could hear it from the travellers' room. Naturally the servant came to open the door and endeavoured to mollify the would-be guest's anger by saying that they had heard no knocking. Thereupon the other called him a liar, or at any rate treated him as such: upon which the cage with the bird in it was pointed out as evidence, and everything was well.' Many tempting offers were made for the bird, which were always refused, but its end was sudden and tragic. A gentleman coming in drunk, and hearing a voice which he could not account for, drew his sword and cut off its head.[1]

It is well to wander to and fro along the quays and try to picture what Cologne must once have looked like from the Rhine. Unfortunately the old bridge of boats has gone, and the great Hohenzollern bridge is a huge modern affair, but the attempt is worth while, for this was the aspect which first greeted travellers from the earliest days

[1] From *Social Germany in Luther's Time, being the Memoirs of B. Sastrow,* translated by A. D. Vandam, 1902, p. 271.

until the advent of the railway. We can see the city in the early drawings and engravings, looking neat and dignified behind its walls, its church towers rising high above the gabled roofs, with trees sprinkled here and there, and great boats, with their high decks, moored on the river-front waiting to be loaded up. Many of them must have made their way to London, for the relations between Cologne and England were always close. Henry II took the people of Cologne under his special protection, with all their goods and possessions in London, and allowed them special privileges for the sale of their wine. Richard I, on his return from the Holy Land, stayed at Cologne, heard Mass in the Cathedral, and released the citizens from the annual rent of two shillings, which they had hitherto been forced to pay for the rent of their Guildhall in London. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, elected Emperor in 1257, spent Whitsuntide at Cologne, and some years previously, when the Cathedral had been damaged by fire, a tax was levied in England towards the expense of repairing it. The Princess Isabella, a sister to our Henry III, stayed at Cologne in 1235, on her way to marry the Emperor Frederick II at Worms, where we shall meet her again. Visitors to the Gürzenich will see in the antechamber a modern painting depicting the Princess's entry into Cologne, which

is vividly described by Matthew Paris, who speaks also of the excellent impression created by her beauty and simplicity:

HOW THE EMPRESS CAME SAFE TO COLOGNE

'Having voyaged for three days and nights, they entered the mouth of the River Scheldt, and after finishing a journey of a day and a night, they arrived at Antwerp, a domain under imperial jurisdiction. On landing there an immense host of armed nobles met them, having been sent by the Emperor himself as a guard to the Empress to keep vigilant watch around her person day and night. For it was said that there were certain of the Emperor's enemies, confederates of the King of the French, who were planning to carry off the Empress, so that they might prevent the great marriage. They were also met by all the priests and clergy of the districts round, in solemn procession, with precious vestments, waxen tapers, and with a well ordered retinue, ringing bells and singing songs of joy; among them, indeed, all players and masters of every kind of musical art, with their instruments, who accompanied the Empress with much nuptial rejoicing during her five days' journey to Cologne. Where, her arrival becoming known, there came out of the city to meet her about 10,000 of the citizens, who, with flowers and ornaments used for festivals, mounted on valuable horses, set them prancing by pricking them with spurs, and also engaged in jousting with each other with the lances and spears which they carried in their hands. There also came ships which appeared to be rowing on land, by an ingenious device, being drawn by horses which were kept out of sight, being hidden by silken coverings; in

these ships, clerks, playing softly on sweet-sounding instruments, made rare melodies which were heard with wonder by those listening. The Empress thus approaching the city of Cologne, the multitude entered with such merry dancing that the whole of that noble city seemed to overflow with joy. These leaders conducted her through the chief streets of the city, which had been decorated in all kinds of ways against her coming, both on account of the noble English guests, and also that they might gain the Emperor's approval. But when the high-born Empress learnt that all, and especially the noble ladies of Cologne, sitting on balconies and gathering in crowds in every quarter of the city, were desirous of seeing her face, she took her cap with its hood from her head, so that all, having a sight of her gentle face, might refresh their eyes with wonder. In so doing, she impressed the minds of all who gazed on her in her favour, so that one and all, praising and blessing her humility and her wonderful beauty, conceived the most favourable hopes of success and a most happy posterity. The Empress then took up her abode in a noble mansion constructed by the archbishop, where, throughout the night, a troop of maidens, singing with various musical instruments, made loud noise, that the Empress might be surrounded with joy, happy in the midst of the young girls who played on tambourines. Nor was the diligence of the armed soldiers wanting, as they kept nightly watch upon the walls and in the city on account of stealthy enemies.'

A hundred years later the citizens of Cologne were preparing to receive another English king, for Edward III stayed there in 1338 on his journey up the Rhine to Coblenz with his five-year-old daughter Joanna, the affianced bride of Frederick IV, Duke

of Austria. Such was the press of strangers eager to obtain a sight of the King and Princess that, in addition to the band of archers, four additional servants had to be engaged to assist in preserving the visitors' privacy. Father and daughter were lodged in the house of a wealthy burgher named Sherfgin and entertained by a local fiddler, of whom history has nothing to record except that his name was Franz, and that he was well paid for his fiddling. The King, it seems, was in a very liberal frame of mind, for he bestowed gifts upon many of the churches, and contributed £67 10s., a very large sum according to the value of money at that time, towards the completion of the Cathedral. Later, being more than usually embarrassed, he pledged his crown and the Queen's jewels and insignia to the city of Cologne, and when he was unable to redeem them the German merchants in London paid the money and restored the crown jewels to England.

But Cologne owed its greatness to its traders, not to royalty. On the whole they seem to have been a God-fearing, friendly set of men. They had their troubles, of course, unending disputes with the Rhine customs towns, and now and again the total loss of a well-stocked caravan, the sight of which, crawling lazily along the roads, had been too much for the honesty of some neighbouring

lord. There were complaints and threats of reprisal, acts of violence and confiscation, and messengers would go riding to and fro with protests and explanations. Then matters settled down again, and the life of every day would be resumed. Cologne controlled the whole of the Rhine traffic and had its fingers deep in England's wool-sacks. It was in touch with Italy and, by way of the Danube, with Greece and Constantinople, and its prosperity lasted until well into the sixteenth century, when religious troubles and changed conditions made an end of it.

During the Reformation period Cologne stood aloof and hostile to the new learning and the new religion. Scholar after scholar was driven from the city as a corrupter of youth. The baptized Jew, Johann Pfefferkorn, who was ridiculed in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* until he became the laughing-stock of Europe, was patronized by the University, which as time went on had almost to close its doors for lack of students. The Thirty Years' War left the city practically untouched, but it suffered grievously during the French Revolution. It was taxed almost out of existence, the people lost their right to govern themselves and had to submit to foreign magistrates, and the Cathedral was used as a storehouse for hay and straw. Luckily here, as elsewhere in the Rhine-

land, the foreign occupation was the beginning of better things. New ideas were introduced, and the way was cleared for the work of development and extension which has continued until modern times.

One of the charms of Cologne, if the traveller has a little time to spare before hurrying on to the Rheingau, is that across the river, within fairly easy reach by car, train or tram, is the Bergisches Land. Some ten or fifteen miles away from the outskirts of the city the plain is broken by low hills which shelter the most lovely little valleys and streams, and fall gently away to the open country. The hills are easy to climb and the views are superb, especially at sunset. The Rhine is invisible, but the towers of Cologne Cathedral stand up magnificently from the plain, and to the left are the peaks of the Seven Mountains watching nobly over the entrance to one of the most beautiful of the Rhine stretches. There are two ranges of hills in the neighbourhood of Cologne—the Bergisches Land on one side of the river, and the Vorgebirge on the other, but the latter have become industrialized and are consequently less attractive. Even the Bergisches Land is barely out of sight of factories and smoke, yet with its woods and streams, and picturesque half-timbered houses it contrives to keep itself fresh and clean, and completely aloof from the rush and hurry of the

industrial world. The tram will take you in less than an hour to the Königsforst, a spacious forest at the foot of the hills, or to Bensberg or Bergisch-Gladbach, and either makes an excellent doorway to this land of hills and streams and wooded valleys. It is a great excursion centre for the German holiday-makers on Sundays, but on a week-day, except for the villagers and country-folk, you may have it largely to yourself. Some six miles from Bergisch-Gladbach is Altenberg, a pleasant little town, charmingly situated in the wooded valley of the Dhün, with a fine thirteenth-century church belonging to a Cistercian abbey founded by the Counts of Berg in 1133, whose tombs are preserved, and some magnificent early stained glass (note the lovely greenish-grey grisaille in the clerestory, and in the windows to the north and east), but unfortunately the church, a beautiful example of early Gothic architecture, has been over-restored. I must not keep my wayfarers too long from the Rhine itself, but I could not leave Cologne for the beauty which lies beyond without a word for Das Bergische Land.

Another delightful excursion which can easily be made from Cologne is to Zons, about twenty miles down the Rhine on the way to Düsseldorf. It can be reached by motor-bus in one and a half hours and by river in two and a half hours. Zons

was the Roman Sontium, and is an attractive little town with its fortifications and walls practically complete, the most perfect example of a fortified town on the Rhine. There are four striking towers and a number of picturesque houses with gables projecting over the walls, a shady market-place, usually deserted, and any number of corners to delight a traveller with a sketch-book.

I will close this chapter with a charming episode from one of Petrarch's letters, which helps us to realize something of the part which the Rhine has always played in the lives of the people. Petrarch was travelling in Germany in 1333. It was St. John's Eve when he reached Cologne, and he went at once to the river. The sun was setting, and a strange sight met his eyes, for the banks were crowded with women, garlanded with sweet-smelling herbs, who knelt one by one and dipped their arms into the stream, murmuring words which the stranger could not understand. He was told that the women bathed thus in the river in order to avert misfortune for the coming year, and that by this act of cleansing all their troubles would be washed away.

CHAPTER III

A COLOGNE BURGHER

IF we want to know the details of city life in the past, we must seek the company of the citizens themselves who plied their crafts and trades and took their pleasures with no thought of the busy world beyond the city walls, and no great ambition except possibly to obtain a seat in the council-chamber. Unfortunately, except for their account books, these worthies have left us few records of their activities. A will may give us a glimpse of a trading burgher in his house. We see his rooms with their curtains, hangings, and plate, the beds and bed-coverings, the gaily-coloured cushions, and the clothes which seem to have passed on in indestructable succession from generation to generation. A testator's bequests of charity may tell us also something of his morals, reminding us at times of his little trading sins, those few occasions when, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding his honour in his opportunity, he had

not refrained altogether from deceit and covinous dealing. But even with these aids it requires a good deal of imagination to fill the empty rooms with living figures, to know how the inmates spent their days and took their pleasures. Cologne, which is remarkably rich in early trading documents, is fortunate also in having sheltered a diarist and note-taker whose records throw a vivid light upon almost every aspect of sixteenth-century life. The city was then past the great days of its prosperity and was taking its unhappy stand for the old order against the new, but it was still conscious of its greatness, and Hermann Weinsberg was only one among many who were proud to be its citizens. His life covers practically the whole of the sixteenth century—from 1518 to 1597. He saw the Reformation rise and flourish, to be followed by the Counter-Reformation, and he was shrewd enough to recognize some of the signs of the troubled centuries ahead. Weinsberg had no particular gifts, but his humanity and simplicity of outlook give him an important place among diarists and chroniclers. He has, in fact, something in common with Pepys, although he is far less roguish and penitent. Like Pepys he walked through life with his eyes and ears open and his heart not closed to the claims of humanity, and as a result we have a document which must be almost unique—a record

day by day of the life and doings in a great German city in the sixteenth century, so detailed and alive that we seem to watch the singing and dancing at a hundred merrymakings, and hear the noise and bustle of the streets.

The main facts of Weinsberg's life are soon told. His father kept a wine-shop, and the boy, a bright youth, was brought up in the midst of trade and then forced by his father into the study of the law. He seems to have been indifferent as to his future, and tells us that he would as soon have been a mechanic as a lawyer, but the study itself presented no real difficulty. Weinsberg was, however, singularly unfitted for practice. He lacked readiness of speech, his memory was defective, and except on a few occasions when employed by his family, he seems to have had no clients. He was, in truth, rarely happy outside his house, the Kronenberg, in the Waidmarkt, between the present Severinstrasse and the street known as Hohepforte on the boundaries of the oldest part of the city. In 1543 he was elected to the Council, and took, until his old age, an active part in local government, serving with great regularity in the watch even when the state of his health might well have kept a less scrupulous watchman at home in bed. He married a widow with a business, which he managed for sixteen years with notable success,

but she died, and his second venture was less happy. Indeed, if all the complainings in the diary are to be taken as well-founded, the second wife must have been an ill-conditioned, narrow-minded, and suspicious scold. In 1573, however, she left him in peace to his family affairs and his scribbling. He died at the age of seventy-nine, without legitimate children, but not on the whole an unhappy old man. He seems from early youth to have had a competence sufficient to maintain him in comparative comfort.

Weinsberg had a weakness for writing, a genius for ancestor-worship, and a passionate desire that the house of Weinsberg should never die out. These matters occupied his mind continually while others spent their time in playing, singing, drinking, and perusing news-sheets. He filled volume upon volume with his notes and records. We have a Liber Juventutis, a Liber Senectutis, a Liber Decrepitudinis, and a book of miscellanies—seven thousand folio sheets in all, a collection so voluminous that it is doubtful whether it can ever be printed in full. When all else failed him he composed riddles, verses, proverbs, wrote out a table of chronology from the days of Adam, an alphabetical list of all the various professions and trades, or turned his will into Latin verse, and there seem also to have been other notebooks which have dis-

appeared. Nothing could stop his scribbling. He commences his records before he was born with the marriage of his father and mother. He describes his early youth from recollection, and his jottings, later, take the form of day-by-day entries. As he wrote year after year, and bethought him of the future of his house, his pride of birth overcame him, and he began to search farther and farther back, until he at last bestowed a quite fabulous antiquity upon his ancestors, and even this did not suffice. He endeavoured by his will to provide that the family should never die out. A commission of executors was to see that the property was never sold, and a house-father was to be appointed to represent the deceased as head of each succeeding generation. The will proved to be completely unworkable. It was received with opprobrium and ridicule. One house-father tried to kill himself; the next, after a family quarrel as to the administration of the estate, appears to have murdered his aunt and died in gaol, and finally, after endless litigation, the Council stepped in and divided the little that remained amongst Weinsberg's next of kin as if he had died intestate. Thus his will, which was to establish his house for ever, contrived its utter ruin, and but for his note-books, which chanced to escape destruction, the very name of Weinsberg would have been forgotten.

These notebooks, with other writings, are preserved among the Cologne archives, where they were discovered in 1859 by L. Ennen, the historian. Five volumes of extracts have now been printed.[1] The first four are concerned mainly with political and historical matters, for Weinsberg lived in exciting times, and his contributions to the history of his century still remain to be appraised. For our purpose, however, it is his picture of the daily life of a great city, and the trivial round of his domestic concerns, which make his record so attractive, and the fifth volume is devoted entirely to matters such as these. Weinsberg's real interest lay well within the walls of Cologne. He knew its every nook and corner as Stow must have known London. The walls and the Rhine were the bounds of his world, and he rarely left it even for a day. He had little patience with gad-abouts who could not rest until they had travelled farther and fared worse. It seems to have been his aim to record everything that touched the city from the day of his birth to the day of his death, and at the same time to make sure that the minutest details of his daily life should be familiar to his descendants. We see him as a child playing in his

[1] Vols. I and II ed. by Höhlbaum; Vols. III and IV by Lau; Vol. V by Stein. All published by the Gesellschaft für Rheinische Geschichts-Kunde, Bonn.

father's house, later as a boy helping with his brothers and sisters to serve the guests. He seems to have served as tapster while he was still at school. If these duties were not onerous he turned his mother's spinning wheel, or wound the reels. Thus his pursuits kept him from the streets, and the neighbours, marvelling at his model life, bade his mother take note that she had brought an angel into the world. Her reply was brief and to the point. Hermann might be an angel out of doors: at home he was a little devil. He broke the crockery, teased his sisters, and disturbed the baby's slumbers. In fact he was a very human little boy. He has much to tell us concerning the life of a sixteenth-century wine-shop, and preserves something of the spirit of gaiety which still plays an important part in the life of every citizen of Cologne. Once, when he had served a lady with thirteen pints and presented the reckoning, he was met with the retort: 'Thirteen pints! Why, anyone can see by looking at me that my carcass could not contain more than twelve.' Hermann adds a characteristic note: 'There was much laughter and so the matter dropped.'

But we must hasten on, and, leaving the boy to grow into the man, take a glimpse of him, now a worthy councillor, sitting in his study writing up his diary. The study, which he describes with

loving care, impinged on the old Roman city walls. In one corner was a great stove to keep him warm, but in the winter months, to his grief, he was forced to vacate it and seek warmer quarters near the kitchen. The walls were panelled and adorned with ironwork, and the windows looked out upon the Waidmarkt with its two churches of St. James and St. George. In the presses round the room we can picture the chronicles and histories which were his special delight: the *Cologne Chronicle*, Braun and Hogenberg's *Book of Cities*, Münster's *Cosmographia*, Sebastian Franck's *Chronicle* and Strabo's *Geography*. Here with patient industry he collected every item which came his way, setting down at random whatever crossed his mind. A few of his chapter headings may help us to realize that to the chronicler of trivialities all things are of equal and individual importance: ' Christian Orderbach made a canon '; ' Quarrel with my wife '; ' I seal my will '; ' The neighbours make merry with us '; ' The bugs drive me from my room '; ' The schoolmaster is dismissed '; ' A child is shot with a cross bow '; ' I am blooded '; ' I shave my head '; ' My birthday '; ' A window with my coat of arms is set up in my sister's garden-house '; ' I brew beer '; ' My nephew returns from England '; ' Concerning the Works of Erasmus '; ' A dispute in the Council '; ' My

garden-house is painted ', and so on. Following a description of the troubles in the Low Countries we have, without a break, the sad story of the end of the domestic cat, done to death by a hated rival from the bakehouse, a tragedy which threw the whole household into gloom. The serving-maid who, to escape a beating, leapt without injury from the upper storey of the house has a whole paragraph to herself. Then comes another domestic item concerning three serving men, all of whom were called Dietrich, so that when the master called one, all three came running up together. Family matters occupy a considerable space, with here and there a touch of humour or a shrewd remark. On one occasion his brother-in-law, being ill, was reproved by his wife for his surfeiting and drunkenness, and he promised to reform. Said he: ' When I am well I will break every glass in the house.' ' Nay,' said the wife, ' leave them whole, but do not seek to empty them so frequently.' When his bedroom had to be vacated because of vermin, or he found a louse in his clothes, down it goes in his book, together with the records of his little fits of narrowness, the state of his health, his visits to the barber, and his baths. For the most part he liked to bathe abroad. To have bathing arrangements in the house he found to be very expensive, for people came to clean themselves at

the owner's cost, and had to be refreshed afterwards with wine and food. He could, however, enjoy a merrymaking, even in his old age, and was a friend of singing and dancing. On his sixtieth birthday, when a great company was assembled, he left his seat and jumped round the room to show his vigour and joy: 'No half-jumps, but great and mighty leaps, for I was light of heart to think that I had lived to see that day. The whole company was very merry and praised such jumping in an old man.' Even his duties with the watch were relieved by song, for on Christmas Eve, 1584, when Weinsberg was sixty-six, and was keeping watch at one of the gates in the pouring rain, there came to him Dr. Acht, captain of the watch, and as twelve o'clock struck these two old men began to sing *Puer natus est nobis* and *Dies est lætitiæ*, and so 'made merry with the baby Christ'. There are many entries such as this which endear the writer to us: one is especially attractive. As an old man Brandt's *Ship of Fools* came into Weinsberg's hands. He read it with attention, and closed the book with the remark that possibly he ought to have a place in it himself.

There is much else which is trivial but very entertaining in his book. On one of his few expeditions from Cologne he arrived at the gates after they were closed. Not even a councillor could

then be admitted, and it speaks volumes for the discipline imposed on city dwellers in the sixteenth century that he was content to spend the night in an open boat, and remarks only that the weather was fine and the night luckily not too dark. His attitude towards the terrors and mysteries of life was that of a man of keen common-sense. When, for no apparent reason, the bells started ringing, and the cakes leapt off the shelf, he would have nothing to do with ghosts and portents, but sought for and found a perfectly rational explanation for the disturbance. He took a firm stand in the matter of the witchcraft persecutions, and when someone told him that it was unlucky to hear the first cuckoo call, since the number of the calls was the number of years which the listener had to live, he remarks: ' I am well satisfied with the days that God has granted me, and do not desire to extend my life. The song of birds has never been distasteful to me, and when they sing sweetly I delight to listen to their music.' With all his affection for his books and his study we get a glimpse here and there of a genuine love of nature. He likes to see his vines shooting, to refresh himself in the sweet and wholesome air of his vineyard, or to spend an afternoon with a few old friends in the Lusthaus, or, as we should say, in the pavilion, in his garden, where there was a giant ivy and where he could

watch the lime tree putting forth its shoots each spring.

Weinsberg describes his personal appearance three times, once in his thirty-third year, again in his fifty-sixth year, and finally when he has passed his sixtieth birthday. He was long and thin and three Cologne ells in height; he measured so-and-so much round the middle; his eyes he found to be growing darker as the years advanced, and one was weaker than the other and gave him great trouble. Nose, hair, and face are all described. His mouth, he tells us, was small, the lips being reddish but not thick. His complexion was light brown. His cheeks were thin and a little sunken, while his teeth were unsightly and uneven owing to breakages. His expression was neither gay nor sad, but he could show pleasure and laughed often with such heartiness that he could not speak, and he had a tendency to blush at awkward moments. His speech was a little halting, owing to the size of his tongue, and his understanding could on no account be hurried. Like Dr. Johnson, he minded his belly very studiously, but he paid heavily for any excess in drink, a disposition which served to restrain his potations as the years advanced. Even in youth he liked to lie in bed in the mornings, and slumber was wont to overcome him as he sat in his chair after meals. He ate twice a day, at eleven and

seven, and on each occasion did not care to spend more than an hour at table, except when guests were present. Weinsberg describes also his character and habits with a wealth of detail which is almost embarrassing. He seems to have been a great lover of peace, and although easily roused to wrath, it was his endeavour to conceal his anger and to curse and swear only in private. In his later years he seems to have become somewhat embittered, but he was quite prepared for his end when it came. One of his entries, in a very shaky hand, is dated 1597, February 19, a few weeks before his death. He had been ill for some time with a cough, shortness of breath and giddiness. 'I leave all this to God,' he writes, 'and know not why I should wish to live longer. The weakness and faintness do not leave me the whole of February, but I am conscious of no clouding or childishness, for my understanding and memory are fairly good. I must be patient and see how it will end.'

So we leave the old man in his study. Outside the familiar scenes are repeating themselves, scenes which it had been his delight to watch and chronicle for half a century. The merrymakers and mourners hurry to and fro, the city fathers gather to deliberate in their spacious council-chamber, the travellers hasten towards the city

gates at nightfall, while the watchman cries the hours, the gaoler grinds his key into the lock of the tower dungeon, and a priest slips through the darkening streets on a last, hurried, errand of mercy to the sick and dying. The lights come out through the coloured windows of the churches, a solemn music breaks upon the still air, and another day draws to its close with Hermann Weinsberg sitting in his panelled study, scribbling, with trembling fingers, far into the night.

CHAPTER IV

BONN AND THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS

Bonn—Rolandseck—The Drachenfels—The Seven Mountains—Heisterbach—Ahrweiler and Laach—Johannes Butzbach—The Brohl valley—Honnef.

WHEN the traveller leaves Cologne he will be wise to transport himself to Bonn by car or train with as little delay as possible. It is not an attractive stretch of the river. In the old days travellers were drawn upstream by men and horses. Ascham, in 1551, took ' a fair barge with goodly glass windows, with seats of fir as close as any house. We knew not whether it went or stood '. The boats were drawn by horses, and as they passed the villages, ' six or seven children, some stone naked, some in their shirts, of the bigness of Peter Acland, would run by us on the sands singing psalms, and would run and sing with us half a mile whilst they had some money '. Unfortunately the party reached Bonn too late, and were

refused admission altogether, it being after eight in the evening when they arrived. 'We stood cold at the gate for a whole hour. At last we were fain, lord and lady, to lie in our barge all night, where I sat in my lady's side-saddle, leaning my head to a malle, better lodged than a dozen of my fellows.'

Bonn to-day has a very welcoming air. It is bright and pleasantly academic. Cologne is industrial and modern, but Bonn, with its venerable market-place, its parks and stately University buildings, has contrived to preserve the spirit not of great antiquity, but of a very pleasant and peaceful past. There are changes, of course. The long-haired student of our grandfathers' sketch-books has given way to a generation which still wears coloured caps and bands, slashes its face and goes about in herds, but it does these things with an air of determination which was absent thirty years ago, and there is certainly less drinking and more work. Apart from its students, however, and an air of magnificence which seems to have crept into its book-shops, Bonn remains very true to its traditions. The town had at one time a great reputation for laziness. Its inhabitants could, it was said, indulge in longer bouts of slumber than anywhere else on the Rhine. It is related that three young men once withdrew to a

cave outside the town in order to sleep in greater peace. At the end of seven years one awoke and remarked to his fellows: 'Did you hear that ox?' and promptly went to sleep again. Seven years later one of the other sleepers opened his eyes and told the speaker to keep his mouth shut. Another seven years passed, and the third sleeper turned over and muttered: 'It's not an ox, it's a cow.'

The visitor should see the Hof-Garten and the University buildings, the Alter Zoll, an old bastion on the river, with lovely views of the Seven Mountains, and then make for the Münster. This has been somewhat over-restored, but it is a fine specimen of a cruciform basilica with a central tower, possibly the most beautiful stone spire in Germany, and cloisters of great simplicity and beauty. Then there is Beethoven's house (Bonngasse 20) where the great man was born in 1770, which should certainly be visited, and if time can be spared, the student of anthropology and craniology can inspect the famous Neanderthal Skull in the Provincial Museum. The Poppelsdorfer Schloss is to my mind surpassingly ugly, but it was the residence of the electors, and its park and gardens are pleasant and airy, and above it rises the Kreuzberg with a conspicuous white church, and a flight of holy steps which the visitor, if he selects that method of approach, must mount

on his knees. The tourist will probably not make a long stay at Bonn, for there is so much to be seen after leaving it, but he would be unwise to pass it by. It is said to be a very windy place, although I have never been much blown about there. But the story goes that the Devil and the North Wind were one day out walking when they came to a Jesuit College, and the Devil went in to see what the people were doing, bidding the Wind wait in the street. The Devil apparently was so engrossed with what he found there that he never came out again, and the Wind is still waiting in the streets of Bonn, getting very impatient at times, and venting his wrath by blowing down chimneys and trees and overturning the good people.

From Bonn Rolandseck can be reached in half an hour by motor-bus, and it is at Rolandseck that the real Rhine country begins, the home of romance and so much that is misty and mysterious. It is quite a tiny place, a collection of villas and hotels and a railway station squeezed in between the hills and the river, but it is an ideal spot from which to explore the Seven Mountains and the valleys of the Ahr and the Brohl. The views down the river are exquisite. Alexander von Humbolt is reported to have said that it was one of the loveliest places in the world, and he was widely travelled. Behind the town, on a height, is the Arch of

ROLANDSECK AND THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS

Roland, the last relic of the castle of Rolandseck which was perched high up on a rock, a picturesque ruin well worth a climb if only to see the Seven Mountains with the Drachenfels towering above the river. Opposite the town is the Island of Nonnenwerth, upon which stood an ancient convent which has been also an inn and is now a girls' school. Legend has, of course, been busy with the name of Roland. That Paladin and great lover is believed to have departed this life in his castle of Rolandseck on learning that his lady had taken vows at Nonnenwerth and was thus lost to him. In point of fact both castle and convent were built by the Emperor Henry V, who married a daughter of our Henry I, and whose son, had he been blessed with one, might have been King of England.

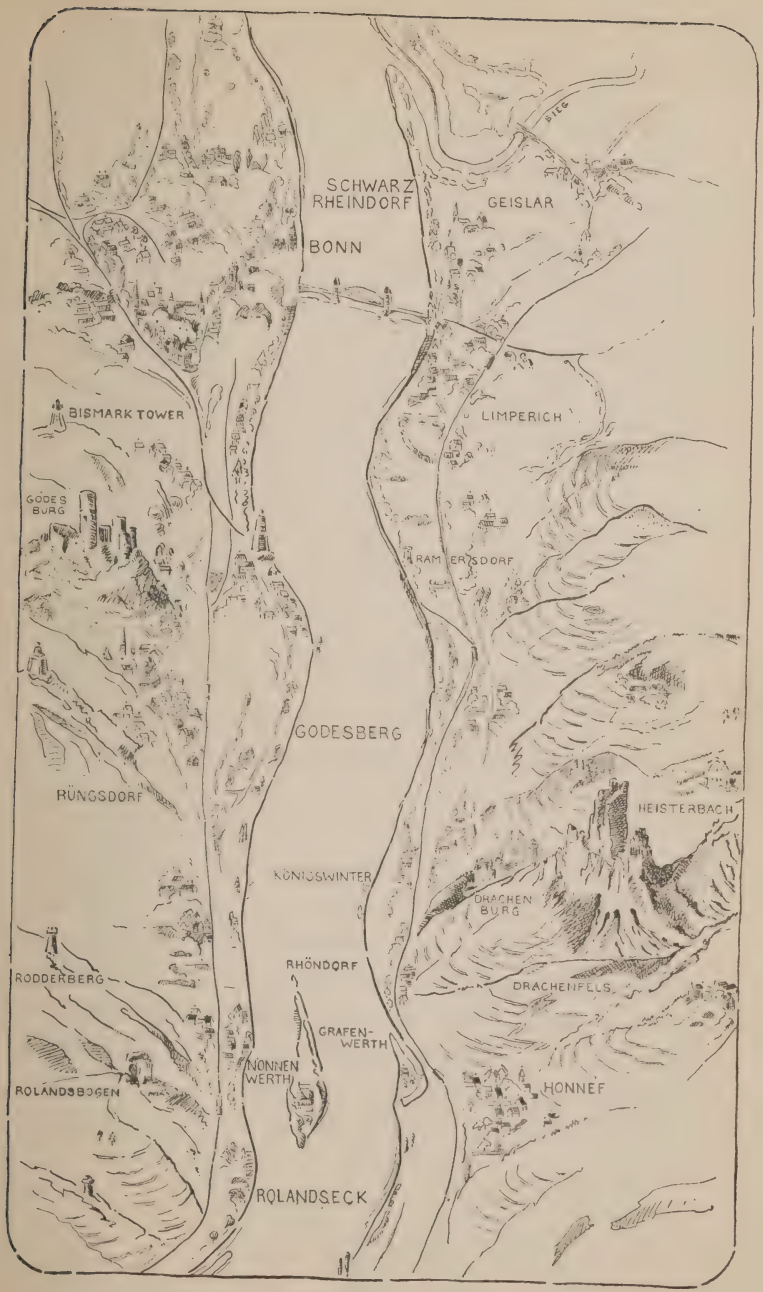
The first thing for a visitor to do, after he has selected his hotel, is to board one of the little motor-boats which ply up and down the river, and let it carry him where it likes. These boats make a kind of short circular tour, visiting the places in the immediate neighbourhood, and there is no better method of getting to know the Rhine. Both sides of the river can be studied at leisure, and the constant traffic up and down, the busy little tugs with five and sometimes six great barges in tow, the steamers, and here and there a canoe, looking very

frail and tiny beside the larger craft, give the scene an air of extraordinary animation and excitement. I know of no more delightful way of spending a summer's afternoon. Then there is Godesberg, which can easily be reached from Rolandseck, an attractive health resort with a solitary tower and the ruins of a castle on the hills at the back, and any number of walks through the woods.

The best starting-off point for the Seven Mountains is Königswinter on the other side of the river, which can be reached by motor-boat. The traveller would be well advised to make the Drachenfels his first objective. It can be reached by rack and pinion railway, or by carriage (motors are prohibited), but by far the best plan is to walk. It is not a difficult climb, taking about forty-five minutes, and the walker can follow the tracks through the woods, while the carriage has to keep to the winding road. There are donkeys also which clamber up by the shorter route, and it is amazing to see how much humanity they can carry. The Drachenfels or Dragon's Rock is so called because in a cave half-way up the rock Siegfried is said to have slain the dragon, after which he bathed in its blood, whereby he was rendered invulnerable except for a little spot between the shoulders where a linden leaf chanced to settle. There are, of course, numerous other

legends connected with the name. One records that the dragon, far from being slain by Siegfried, lived on until well into the Middle Ages. One day he swallowed a ship loaded with gunpowder, but the natural fire which dragons always keep in their stomachs exploded the stuff and blew the monster to pieces. The castle was erected in the fifteenth century by Arnold, archbishop of Cologne, and was destroyed in the Thirty Years' War. The keep and some fragments of walls remain, and the view is magnificent. Several of the seven peaks can be seen, across the river in the far distance are the heights of the volcanic Eifel and the hills round the Laacher See, and away to the right are the spires of Cologne Cathedral, while below runs the Rhine like a silver thread between the hills. To the north-east of the Drachenfels rises another height, the Wolkenburg, formerly crowned by a castle which has disappeared. These two strongholds were by-words for strength in the Middle Ages, and Cæsarius of Heisterbach records that once when a soldier inquired of the devil where the soul of William Count of Jülich might be, he received the surprising answer that if the castles of Drachenfels and Wolkenburg were in that place where the Count's soul then was, they would melt before the questioner's upper eyelid could close on the lower.

The country at the back of the Drachenfels is beautifully wooded, and the possibilities for walkers are endless. Whole days can be spent exploring the unfrequented paths, listening to the birds and watching the sunlight spattering through the leaves. Here and there you will meet another walker or a woodman on his way home from work, but the tourists for the most part keep to the roads and leave the woodland tracks untouched. With a stick, a rucksack, and a stout pair of shoes, a new world of beauty and peace is opened to you. It is possible to feel quite strange and lonely under the great trees, but the paths always lead back to the roads, and there is no danger of losing your way. There is a lovely wood above Rhöndorf, between Königswinter and Honnef, where the nightingales sing in rivalry, and the following story is told about them. They used to sing in the woods round the monastery at Heisterbach to cheer the monks in their solitude, but St. Bernard, finding that the music turned the good brothers' thoughts from holy things, summoned the birds before him and reproved them, whereupon they all flew away to Rhöndorf, where they still sing more beautifully than ever, in the wood called after them the little wood of the nightingales (Nachtigallenwäldchen). To this day people at Heisterbach will tell you that no nightingale is ever heard there.



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The Drachenfels can also be reached from Rhöndorf in about forty-five minutes. The path goes steeply up from the Löwenburgerstrasse by the house numbered 25 (indicated by a signpost), and there are delightful short walks to be had in the lovely little Rhöndorf valley itself. A longer tramp (about one and a half hours) up the valley leads to the Löwenburg, which rises to a height of nearly 1,500 feet and has a tower and fragments of walls of an old castle, and here also the views on all sides are magnificent.

No one in this part of the world must miss seeing Heisterbach, famous for its Cistercian abbey, the centre of much learning and piety in the Middle Ages, and the home of a very noted writer, Cæsarius of Heisterbach. Of the great abbey church only the ruined apse remains. It now boasts a restaurant, and looked crowded and rather grubby when I was last there, but possibly I was unfortunate, for it is a lovely place, and still sufficiently secluded to escape the great majority of tourists. There are several ways of reaching it. An old horse-trap will toil with you from Königswinter to the Drachenfels, and then take you through quiet wooded byways to the abbey and back again to Königswinter in about four hours. You can see a row of these antiquated vehicles lining the quay at Königswinter, the horses dozing

and each coachman asleep on his box. At your appearance the sleeping figures will be galvanized into life, and a battle royal will be waged for your custom. But have no fear of leaving a blood-feud behind you on that peaceful quay. If, having made your choice, you look back, you will see the horses dozing once more, and the disappointed coachmen fast asleep on their perches. The horses show no distress at the amount of climbing they have to do, and unless you are a walker there is no more delightful way of acquiring a nodding acquaintance with the Seven Mountains. But it is still more pleasant to walk there. From Königswinter a steep climb takes you in about an hour to Nonnenstromberg, one of the highest of the peaks, whence the Rheinhöhenweg (marked R) or any of the paths through the woods will take you to Heisterbach in half an hour. If the climb to Nonnenstromberg is too much, take the rack and pinion railway to the Petersberg (another of the peaks, now crowned by an enormous hotel) and join the Rheinhöhenweg there.

The monks seem first to have settled at Heisterbach in or about 1192. The community soon grew in fame and sanctity. The great church was founded in 1202 and dedicated in 1227, but before Cæsarius died, somewhere about 1250, the Order had begun to lose something of its reputation. The

religious wars brought distress and destruction, and the abbey was burnt in 1588, plundered a century later, and finally broken up and sold during the French Revolution. Cæsarius was prior and teacher of the novices, and it was for their edification that he wrote his *Dialogus Miraculorum,* a collection of stories and fables mostly connected with the Rhineland, some amusing, some witty, some tragic, and a few really beautiful, but all containing instruction for the faithful. What is important about the book, apart from the light it throws upon monastic affairs, is its wealth of intimate detail concerning the daily life of the times. We get vivid pictures, for instance, of the Whitsun festivities at Cologne, of the wanton cruelty of neighbouring lords (and of the agonies they suffered in hell), of scholars playing dice and pulling each other's hair in church, of life in the Rhineland farms and homesteads and in the University of Paris, of boys stealing apples, of the rapacity of usurers, and some perfectly terrifying descriptions of the devil. The English reader is fortunate in having an excellent translation of the book by the late H. von E. Scott and Mr. C. S. S. Bland in the Broadway Medieval Library, but space must be found here for two especially attractive stories. A certain woman who kept bees abused the Sacrament and placed the

Lord's Body in her beehive, whereupon the bees, recognizing the might of their Creator, built for their sweet guest a tiny honeycomb chapel of marvellous workmanship, with walls, roof, and tower complete, and a miniature altar on which they placed the holy fragments, hovering round the while and buzzing in praise of God and His saints. The other concerns a wicked thief who stayed a whole year in a monastery, waiting for a chance to steal the candlesticks from the altar, but so long and so intently did he gaze at them that he began to covet the grace of God rather than His candlesticks, and his spirit was changed and day-spring arose in his heart. It is impossible to visit Heisterbach without being moved by the simplicity and fervour of this worthy man of God, whose book is rich both in entertainment and humanity.

From Heisterbach an easy walk of about half an hour leads to the Petersberg. In the twelfth century a hermit settled here, and he was followed later by a community of monks who inhabited the summit until the cold drove them down into the valley. Later, another attempt was made to found a monastery on the Petersberg, and once again the brothers had to seek more sheltered quarters. These were the Cistercians who settled finally at Heisterbach. The other peaks are the Great Oelberg (1,520 feet), the Lohrberg, the Nonnen-

stromberg, the Wolkenburg, and the Löwenburg (1,493 feet), all of which can be easily visited. Thanks to the activities of a local society for the protection of the Seven Mountains, the paths are clearly indicated, and as the whole district has now been declared to be a nature sanctuary, there is little danger of its becoming commercialized and spoilt. Excellent maps can be obtained at Königswinter, and these, with the admirable system of signposting, will enable the visitor to find his way about without difficulty. I can promise him days of exquisite pleasure, whether in the spring when the trees are budding, or in the summer beneath their pleasant shade, or in the autumn when the leaves are glorious in russet and gold. The woods unfold themselves from earth to sky, and every now and then through a clearing, or from the summit of some hill, the whole world lies spread beneath your feet. It is only in winter that the Seven Mountains are bleak and unwelcoming.

Another lovely excursion which can be made from Rolandseck is to Ahrweiler and Laach. By car it can be done easily in an afternoon, but by train and motor-bus a whole day is necessary. Take the Rhine road to Remagen, where a stop can be made to see the Apollinaris church, if the traveller is so minded. Personally I find it ugly, but it marks the site of an old pilgrimage shrine,

and legend has it that when Frederick Barbarossa sent the bodies of the Three Kings to Cologne he sent also the head of St. Apollinaris, bishop of Ravenna, but that the boat stopped here and refused to proceed until the holy head had been unloaded. Pass through the town and follow the road to the right which skirts the Ahr, a busy rushing little torrent, which enters the Rhine close to Sinzig, and which can play havoc with bridges and even with lives when it is in flood. The first village is Bodendorf, which has some charming half-timbered houses. A little higher up is Heimersheim station. Here cross the railway and river for Heimersheim itself, which lies distant about a quarter of a mile. It means a short detour, but the traveller will be rewarded by seeing a lovely little church, and the village is approached through a fine twelfth-century gateway. The nave of the church is so small that there is room for a few pews only, but there are benches between the nave and apse, and galleries have been erected in the nave to eke out the space. The glass in the windows of the apse is lovely and dates from the thirteenth century. This is what Mr. C. H. Sherrill says about it in his excellent *Stained Glass Tours in Germany*. 'The central light is the quaintest of the series. At the bottom of each lancet is a coat of arms, red and gold, and above, against light blue, mount five scenes in each

lancet. Nothing could be more archaic than the drawing of these scenes, especially in the left lancet. At the top is a red-robed Elijah, riding joyously heavenward on a four-wheeled golden wain. Just below him is surely the strangest eviction of Jonah by the whale ever seen. Jonah is gorgeous in gold, the whale is white, and three green trees indicate the land. No words are wasted. The way the whale strains his jaws to eject the unwholesome tenant is most convincing. In the right lancet we have the usual New Testament episodes—Annunciation, Birth of Jesus, Crucifixion, Resurrection, and the Ascension.' The glass at Heimersheim is worth a visit in itself, and it is exquisitely housed.

We now cross the river again and continue past sunny slopes and terraced vineyards (for the Ahr valley is famous for a red and rather heady wine) to Neuenahr, a flourishing modern spa, rather too full of invalids and people taking the waters. Two miles farther on is Ahrweiler, a delightful little town entirely surrounded by its walls, with several fine embattled gateways. It is quite small, and in its way completely satisfying. The place has had a chequered history. It belonged to the electors of Cologne and was frequently besieged, and in 1689 it was burnt by the French. To-day it is busy making wine, and seen from above, it looks like a toy village within its enclosing walls, a kind

of miniature Rothenburg. You can now continue your way along the valley to Altenahr, which is very picturesquely situated on the river, with a fine ruined castle perched on a hill beside it, but my advice, if you have a car, is to take the road to Laach, which runs off from Ahrweiler just opposite the church. You climb and climb round hair-pin bends, through woods and forests, until at last you reach Ramersbach, a little upland village lying in a fertile country on the roof of the Rhineland, where half the population seems to be engaged in ploughing with great sleepy oxen. Here you take the road to Kempenich, which then forks to Weibern, whence a little country road will bury you deep in the woods and carry you finally to Laach with its magnificent lake and abbey church.

Of Laach one can only say that it is supremely beautiful. The lake looks like a giant mirror set in an ebony frame. On all sides rise the trees sombre and forbidding, and between them lies this lovely sheet of water, defying every attempt to shroud its beauty, but as mysterious and romantic as any fairy pool. Small wonder that legend has been busy with it. Its depths are impenetrable; no man has ever plumbed it, and divers plunging into its waters have returned no more. At night the rising mists, the shadows of the trees, and the stillness, all combine to give it an air of mystery

which is very haunting. The church itself is a magnificent Romanesque basilica. The beautiful porch dates from the twelfth century, and the cloister with its twisted pillars and carved capitals is exquisite. Inside there is a dignified monument to the founder, Count Palatine Henry (d. 1095). Two of the columns which support the canopy in front came from the Roman aqueduct through the Eifel Mountains. The elaborate high altar presented by the Emperor William II may be inspected, but should be forgotten.

Laach is notable as the final resting-place of a very remarkable personage who found peace there after years of wandering about the world. This was Johannes Butzbach, whose *Hodoporicon* is one of the treasures of fifteenth-century autobiography. Butzbach was the son of a weaver of Miltenberg on the Main above Aschaffenburg, and was born about 1478. When he was still barely ten years old he was delivered over to the mercies of a wandering scholar, who promised for a consideration to teach him more in a year than he could learn at home, if he remained there all his life. For a year or more he wandered to and fro with this adventurer, begging and stealing for him, suffering untold hardships, starved and beaten, learning nothing but the arts of roguery, until he was seized and carried away by a Bohemian

nobleman to the interior of Bohemia, where for the next five years his life was that of a slave. At last he contrived to escape, and finally reached home again to find his father dead and his mother married again. The boy was just sixteen years old. He was now apprenticed to a tailor, with whom he suffered greater hardships if possible than before. When the apprenticeship was over he wandered to Frankfurt and Mainz, and it was here that he caught the first breath of that new hope to which he was to devote his life. He desired with all his heart to enter a monastery, and in 1496 he obtained employment as lay-brother in the Benedictine abbey of Johannisberg opposite Bingen. His duties were to do the tailoring for the monks and to make himself generally useful. He carried water and fetched food, looked after the visitors, helped with the harvest and picked grapes, and every Wednesday he crossed the Rhine to Bingen to buy eggs and food. To the end of his days Butzbach never forgot the quiet beauty of the Rhineland, with its hills rising from the waterside, covered to the very summits with vines and fruit and corn, where no ground was idle and even the rocky places were under cultivation.

Before a year was out Butzbach tired of his humble duties and went to school at Deventer, where Erasmus had studied before him. Here

he made rapid progress, and when an emissary arrived from Laach, recruiting for the Order, Butzbach handed in his name and set out on his last pilgrimage. It was winter, the Rhine was frozen over, and he and his companions had to cross on the ice, but Laach was reached at last, and the sight of the great abbey rising from the woods beside the lake struck him as the most beautiful thing he had seen in all his travels. When he arrived the monks were at table. He was taken at once to the church with the words of the Psalmist on his lips: 'This is my resting-place for ever. Here will I dwell, for I have desired it.' His troubles were over at last, and with the protecting walls of the abbey about him, he found the peace he had so long desired. In due course he entered the novitiate, then followed his profession, and two years later he was ordained priest. At the early age of thirty he became prior, and in 1526, aged only forty-eight years, he died. Laach can have had few inmates as tired or as happy in his rest as Johannes Butzbach.

If we take the road skirting the lake through Wassenach, we can return by the lovely Brohl valley to Brohl, past Tönnisstein, with the ruins of a remarkable monastery beside a narrow stream which seems scarcely able to force its way between the rocks, until we reach the Rhine main road

which takes us back to Rolandseck. The whole trip can be easily accomplished by car between lunch and supper, with a break at Ahrweiler and tea at Laach, but if it is desired to see Laach alone, there is a narrow gauge railway from Brohl to Tönnisstein, whence a walk of about thirty-five minutes brings one to the lake; and in the summer there is a good service of motor-coaches.

Before leaving Rolandseck we may notice Honnef on the opposite bank of the river, which is reached by ferry, a pleasant, sheltered little spot, much resorted to for the sake of its position and beauty. There is a Kurhaus and a park, and the place is almost as conveniently situated as Königswinter for exploring the Seven Mountains, although of course it takes longer to get there.

CHAPTER V

OBERWINTER TO NEUWIED

Oberwinter—Linz—Hönningen—The *Limes*—Hammerstein—Rheineck—Andernach—Leutesdorf—Neuwied.

I WOULD recommend the traveller to continue his journey up the Rhine on the left bank, leaving the steamboat for the downward journey from Bingen. The road is very beautiful, and the district round Rolandseck and as far as Andernach has been charmingly described by Dorothy Wordsworth:

'For some miles the traveller goes through the magnificent plain which, from its great width, appears almost circular. Though unseen, the River Rhine, we never can forget that it is there! When the vale becomes narrower, one of the most interesting and beautiful of prospects opens on the view from a gentle rising in the road. On an island stands a large grey convent—sadly pensive among its garden walls and embowering wood. The musket and cannon have spared that sanctuary; and we were told that, though the establishment is dissolved, a few of the nuns still remain there, attached to the spot—or probably having neither

friends nor other home to repair to. On the right bank of the river, opposite to us, is a bold precipice, bearing on its summit a ruined fortress which looks down upon the convent; and the warlike and religious edifices are connected together by a chivalrous story of slighted, or luckless love, which caused the withdrawing of a fair damsel to the island, where she founded the monastery. Another bold ruin stands upon another eminence adjoining; and all these monuments of former times combine with villages and churches, and dells (between the steeps) green or corn-clad, and with the majestic river (here spread out like a lake) to compose a most affectingly beautiful scene, whether viewed in prospect or in retrospect. Still we rolled along (ah! far too swiftly! and often did I wish that I were a youthful traveller on foot)—still we rolled along—meeting the flowing river, smooth as glass, yet so rapid that the stream of motion is always perceptible, even from a great distance. The riches of this region are not easily to be fancied—the pretty paths—the gardens among plots of vineyard and corn—cottages peeping from the shade—villages and spires—in never-ending variety.' [1]

Oberwinter is notable chiefly for its lovely views down the river towards the Seven Mountains. From this point most of the peaks are visible, and with the Drachenfels perched above the stream, the prospect is most impressive. A little farther on, lying back from the river, is Unkelbach, but here it is worth while crossing to the right bank to visit the little towns of Unkel and Erpel. Erpel

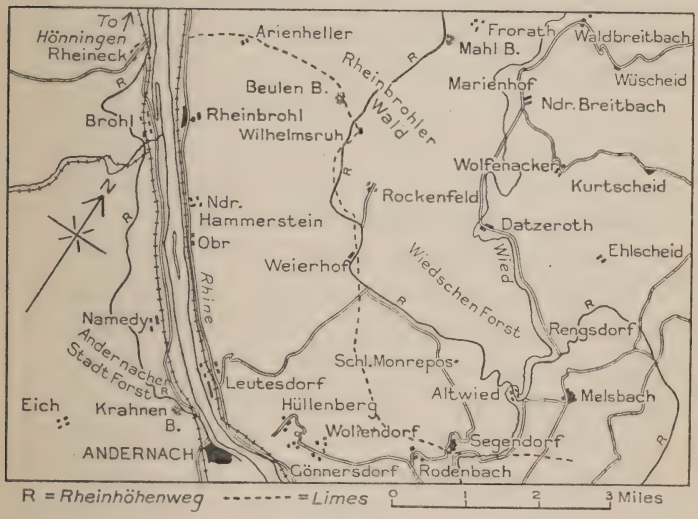
[1] *Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth,* ed. by Wm. Knight, p. 432.

OBERWINTER TO ANDERNACH

is one of the most delightful and unspoilt of all the smaller Rhine towns. It has two old gates, and in the main street as dainty a collection of half-timbered houses as can be seen anywhere. Then continue, by the road which leaves the river, to Linz, a friendly little town with some notable old gabled houses, the remains of its walls, some frescoes in the church, and an altar-piece of the Cologne school dating from 1463. Here in 1493 departed this life of a surfeit of melons, the Emperor Frederick III, father of Maximilian, ' that splendid old gipsy ', to quote Professor Stubbs, ' in name governor of the world, ever august and increaser of Empire, yet owning no more territory than an English alderman . . . a dreamer about whom the strange thing is that so many of his dreams came true.' He had reigned fifty-three years, and had reached a ripe old age. No one can perhaps be very enthusiastic about him, but his favourite motto deserves to be remembered: *Rerum irrecuperabilium felix oblivio*, which may be Englished, ' It is a happiness to be able to forget what we have no power to remedy.' A visit to Linz may mean missing Remagen, but if my circular tour from Rolandseck up the Ahr valley to Laach has been accomplished, the traveller will have had an opportunity of seeing it. A ferry will bring you back again to Sinzig, which has a charm-

ing parish church containing a fine altar-piece by an unknown master, who was clearly influenced by the School of Van Eyck, and some of the best medieval glass in Germany. Continuing on the left bank I would recommend a short stay at Niederbreisig, or to cross the river to Hönningen, for no traveller should miss the Hönninger Wald and the forests behind it and behind Rheinbrohl. Either place is a splendid centre for walkers. A motor-bus runs from Hönningen to Waldbreitbach in the valley of the Wied and thence to Neuwied, and somehow, by bus or on foot, a visit must be paid to Altwied, for close by we can trace the direction of one of the most interesting Roman remains in the Rhineland, the great protecting earth wall which began at Rheinbrohl and was built to protect the Rhine Frontier. There are sections of this *Limes* or *Pfahlbau* which must have been 50 feet broad at the base and 15 feet high. It was erected probably under the Flavian Emperors, and ran for 350 miles through Ems across the Taunus to the Danube, and was flanked by hundreds of camps and watch-towers. In recent years its whole course has been traced. It runs quite close to Altwied, and can be followed through lovely country in either direction. A good walk is from Hönningen through the woods to Arienheller, where we can follow the *Limes* almost

in a straight line to the Beulenberg. It then dips to Wilhelmsruh, whence it runs close to the Rheinhöhenweg, which it crosses and re-crosses, through Weiherhof. Some distance beyond Weiherhof it leaves the Rheinhöhenweg, but it can be picked up again at Rodenbach, and at Segendorf



RHINE WALKS I.

it crosses the Wied and runs on in the direction of Ems. The walker can either continue along the Rheinhöhenweg to Altwied in about half an hour, or make for Segendorf and then up the Wied valley to Altwied, which, of course, takes longer. The whole walk from Hönningen to Altwied

(omitting Segendorf) takes about three hours, and is an excellent introduction to the history of Roman civilization on the Rhine. It can easily be traced on the sketch map.

Between Rheinbrohl and Leutesdorf on the right bank is the ruin of the castle of Hammerstein, one of the numerous relics in this part of Germany of the bitter quarrel between the Emperor Henry IV and his son, afterwards Henry V. The Emperor took refuge here in 1105, some thirty years after the memorable pilgrimage to Canossa, and here, too, were kept the imperial insignia which a year later, a prisoner and in danger of his life, the Emperor surrendered to his son.

Hammerstein is memorable for a very famous siege which occurred in 1020. Count Otto of Hammerstein, a great noble of Franconia, had married the Lady Irmingard in defiance of Aribo, archbishop of Mainz, who had forbidden the match on the ground that the parties were within the prohibited degrees. The Count was censured and then excommunicated, but he returned to his bride and retaliated by attempting to seize the person of the archbishop, and did, in fact, capture his attendants, whom he kept in close confinement. This brought the Emperor into the field, and in 1020 he appeared with an army before the castle, 'a stronghold which, with the aid of nature rather

than of man, was so strongly encompassed with rocks and with the Rhine that it could only with great difficulty be taken, whether by siegecraft or storming '. The Emperor did not attempt to take it. He sat down outside it for three months until the defenders were faced with starvation or surrender. The Count chose the latter course. His stronghold passed to the Emperor, and by a synod at Mainz in 1023 the lovers were again separated. Irmingard thereupon set off in person to Rome and appealed to the Pope. This was regarded as an invasion of the archbishop's metropolitan rights and seemed likely to raise a very grave ecclesiastical issue, but the Pope directed a fresh hearing of the case. The Empress and two synods supported Aribo, while the Emperor and the archbishop of Cologne opposed him. But the death of the Pope and the Emperor put an end to the difficulty, and Otto and Irmingard were left in peace. The lady had triumphed where her lover had failed, and there seems every reason to believe that the Count had his castle restored to him. This is the true story. Legend has added further details, and tells of attacks in which Irmingard fought beside her husband and was wounded, and that when the castle was surrendered the Emperor was so touched by her love and constancy that he kissed her, while the archbishop gave the pair his blessing. Either

version will serve to clothe these rather insignificant-looking ruins with the halo of romance.

If we continue our journey on the left bank we pass, between Oberbreisig and Brohl, the modern castle of Rheineck built in 1832 by the grandfather of the Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, which replaced an older castle destroyed in 1692. It is beautifully placed, but not otherwise particularly noteworthy. We now come to Andernach, which must detain us for a while.

This journey, although under very different conditions, was made in the year 1551 by Roger Ascham, but let me warn the traveller of to-day that it would be most unwise to follow Ascham's example and pick grapes by the roadside, either with hands or mouth. The wine-growers have, and have always had, their own methods of dealing with intruders, methods which are outside the German code of law and which can be sudden and effective. Coryat in the early seventeenth century stepped aside from the road to pluck a couple of bunches of grapes to assuage his thirst, and was set upon by a German ' Boore ', who seized his hat and threatened him with a halberd. It was not until two countrymen came up and explained matters that peace was restored at the cost of a fine: ' But I would counsel thee, gentle reader,' says this traveller, ' whatsoever thou art that meanest to

travell into Germany, to beware by my example of going into any of their vineyardes without leave. For if thou shalt happen to be apprehended in *ipso facto* (as I was) by some rustical and barbarous Corydon of the Country, thou mayest perhaps pay a farre deerer price for thy grapes than I did, even thy dearest blood.' Which shows that Ascham was a very lucky man. His description is as follows:

'We sailed to Brousik (Nieder-Breisig?): fifteen miles afore we come to Bonna begin the vines and hills keeping in Rhene on both sides for the space of five or six days journey as we made them almost to Mayence, like the hills that compass Halifax about, but far branter up, as though the rocks did cover you like a pentice (pent-house): on the Rhene side all this journey be pathways where horse and man go commonly a yard broad, so fair that no weather can make it foul: if you look upwards ye are afraid the rocks will fall on your head; if you look downwards ye are afraid to tumble into Rhene, and if your horse founder it is not seven to six that ye shall miss falling into Rhene, there be many times stairs down into Rhene that men may come from their boat and walk on this bank, as we did every day four or five miles at once, plucking grapes not with our hands but with our mouths if we list.

'The grapes grow on the brant rocks so wonderfully, that ye will marvel how men dare climb up to them, and yet so plentifully, that it is not only a marvel where men be found to labour it, but also almost where men dwell that drink it. Seven or eight days journey ye cannot cast your sight over the compass of vines. And surely this wine

of Rhene is so good, so natural, so temperate, so ever like itself, as can be wished for man's use. I was afraid when I came out of England to miss beer; but I am more afraid when I shall come into England, that I cannot lack this wine.

'It is wonder to see how many castles stand on the tops of these rocks unwinable. The three bishops electors, Colen, Trevers, and Mayence, be the princes almost of whole Rhene. The lansgrave hath goodly castles upon Rhene which the Emperor cannot get. The palatine of Rhene is also a great lord on this river, and hath his name of a castle standing in the midst of Rhene on a rock. There be also goodly isles in Rhene, so full of walnut trees that they cannot be spent with eating, but they make vile (?) of them. In some of these isles stand fair abbeys and nunneries wonderfully pleasant. The stones that hang so high over Rhene be very much of that stone that you use to write on in tables; every poor man's house there is covered with them.'

As we are now approaching the land of castles it may be as well to say a few words about them. In the thirteenth century, during the period of the interregnum, when anarchy was rampant and robber knights infested the roads and rivers, the Rhineland shared with the rest of Germany in a tremendous outburst of castle-building. Great hill fortresses sprang up as if by magic. Nothing could stop the craze. As soon as one castle appeared another sprang up to oppose it, and the banks of the Rhine are still sown with the ruins of these

mighty strongholds, from the security of which their owners defied the crown, sallied forth to wage war upon each other, and laid waste the crops and homesteads of the Rhineland peasants. And still the castles multiplied. It was said of one prince, whose passion for castle-building could not be restrained, that he dragged them with him at his horse's tail. The difficulties of building must have been enormous, but on the other hand, until the coming of gunpowder, these strongholds were well-nigh impregnable. Hammerstein, as we have seen, was taken by siege. Some of them may have been more vulnerable from the back, but there must have been many would-be conquerors who looked and rode away.

Andernach is a very ancient town, indeed the Roman Antunnacum, one of the forts of Drusus, and later a residence of the Frankish kings. Viewed from the river it makes a picturesque but rather solemn impression, but it has a fine parish church (a basilica dating from the twelfth century) with four stately towers, and a series of sculptures over the south door showing foliage, birds, and figures which are well worthy of detailed study. Lovers of early sculpture should note the remarkable crucifix carved in wood by an unknown master of the Cologne school, which hangs in the church. It dates from the fourteenth century, and is one of

a series known as Hungary crosses (Ungarnkreuze), all with strongly marked characteristics and produced, it is believed, as a memorial of some plague which swept the Rhineland from the east. The starkness and horror which the artist has depicted in the figure and face of the Christ are as far removed from the stereotyped Byzantine work of earlier centuries as anything could well be. The figure is terribly emaciated, the face intense with pain, the flesh scored with the wounds of scourging. Here was no artist bound by tradition, but a man who had shared in some appalling calamity, the memory of which he would carry to his grave. The agony in that racked and twisted figure must have been the agony of personal suffering. It could not have been imagined.

Andernach has also considerable relics of old walls, a famous round watch-tower on the Rhine built in 1448, and a picturesque old crane for lifting goods from the boats which dates from the sixteenth century and was in use not twenty years ago. There are some interesting old gateways. The double gateway from the Rhine has two stone figures resting on corbels, which are called the Andernach Bakers. The story runs that when the people of Linz once attacked the town, the watchman was asleep and they had almost obtained a footing when two baker boys flung a row of bee-

hives at them. The bees swarmed out and kept the enemy at bay until the alarm was sounded, and the inhabitants had time to seize their weapons and put the attackers to flight. The town then set up the images of the two boys to commemorate the achievement. Lovers of beautiful views should ascend the Krahnenberg by the cable railway, and there is a railway from Andernach by way of Kruft to Niedermendig, whence Laach may be reached on foot in a little over an hour, but nothing can equal the route described at page 63.

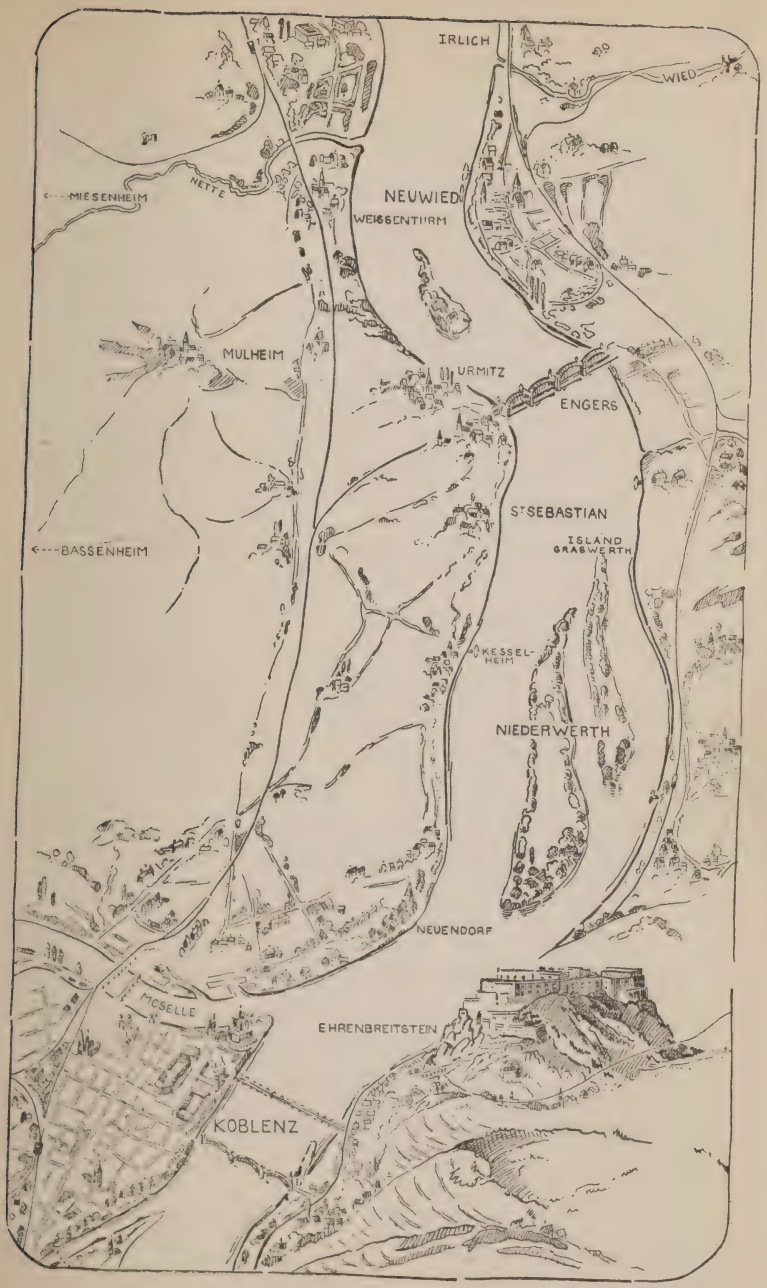
Almost opposite Andernach is Leutesdorf, an attractive little place with some fine half-timbered houses on the Rhine front, and higher up on the same bank is Neuwied, where Protestants, Roman Catholics, Moravians, Baptists, and Jews have lived together in harmony for centuries, but it has not much else to recommend it. This part of the Rhine is not very beautiful, as the hills recede from the river, and I would advise the traveller to push on to Coblenz.

CHAPTER VI

COBLENZ AND THE MOSELLE

Coblenz—A trip up the Moselle—Moselkern and Burg Eltz—Cochem.

OF Coblenz a seventeenth-century traveller remarks pleasantly that it is built 'upon a Nook of Ground which the Mozelle makes when it falls into the Rhine', and then passes on. We must spare a little more time for the provincial capital of the Rhineland, for the traveller who is intent on the Rhine beauties will find it an excellent centre for motor-coach tours. These coaches run through the Eifel Hills to Laach, up the Moselle to the Hunsrück, to the Taunus, and up and down the Rhine, carrying the traveller in comfort to places which he could scarcely visit without a car. There is an excellent Travel Bureau at Goebenplatz 20 where all necessary information can be obtained. The meeting of the Moselle and the Rhine is very steady and quiet. For a little while they flow side by side, and then, slowly



IRLICH TO COBLENZ

and by degrees, each is lost in the other. The valley of the Moselle, as one crosses the fine old bridge which has carried all the traffic on this side of the Rhine for nearly six hundred years, looks green and lovely with its vine-clad hills and grassy slopes, but we must leave it for a while and enter Coblenz itself. The town has spread in recent years beyond all recognition. It is very up-to-date and does not trouble much about its past. How could it, seeing that it is mainly engaged in receiving and passing on a perpetual stream of traffic from all quarters of Europe? And its aerodrome is connected directly with all the chief international air-routes. For our purpose it is sufficient to say that it is the gateway to the most lovely stretch of scenery on the Rhine.

The first thing that strikes the traveller is the mighty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein which mounts guard over the town from across the river. It is very majestic and overpowering, and with its modern fortifications not very picturesque. Coblenz was given at an early date to the archbishop of Trier, remaining in the possession of the archbishop electors till the eighteenth century, and it was to overawe the turbulent burghers that the Ehrenbreitstein was first built and later strengthened. The city rose to great prosperity and flourished until the Thirty Years' War, which

ruined most of the Rhine towns. Some relics of its commercial greatness have survived. There is the Altes Kaufhaus, a merchant's house built in 1479 as a town hall, with a quaint clock which puts out its tongue at you when it strikes the hours, and adjoining it is the Schöffenhaus or House of the Aldermen dating from 1530. Close at hand, too, is the church of St. Florin, a fine pillared basilica, and adjoining is the sexton's house, possibly the oldest house in Coblenz, with a striking Romanesque vaulted room belonging formerly to the abbey of St. Florin. In the Castor Platz, beside the church of St. Castor which still watches over the Rhine, a very stirring and magnificent spectacle was staged in 1338, for it was here, in the presence of an immense gathering, that Edward III, 'Edward oure cumly King', was appointed by the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria, Vicar-General of the Empire 'in all the Germanies and in all the Almains'. We have already met the King and his infant daughter at Cologne. They had proceeded up the river to Bonn and thence to Andernach, and had then landed on the island of Niederwerth for a grand entertainment provided by the German nobles. Lavish presents were distributed on both sides, and a few days later the royal party reached Coblenz by water, the Grand Falconer accompanied by the imperial minstrels

going out in the Emperor's barge to greet the King. A week later Lewis, clad in a purple dalmatic, received his ally

'in the open market-place where the Emperor sat and King Edward next him; and there were present with them four dukes, three archbishops, six bishops and thirty-seven counts and, in the estimation of the heralds, fully 17,000 barons, baronets, knights, and other comers. The Emperor held in his right hand the imperial sceptre and in his left hand a round golden ball, which denoted government of the whole world. A certain knight held a drawn sword over his head, and there the Emperor, before all the people gathered together, showed and notified to all the unnatural behaviour, the disobedience and wickedness of which the King of France had been guilty towards him, and there he renounced his trust in the King of France and declared him and all his adherents to be outcasts.

'Then the Emperor appointed King Edward his Vicar and gave him his full power in Cologne and nearby, and thereupon gave him his charter in the sight of all the people. On the morrow the Emperor and the King of England, with the other magnates and the archbishop of Cologne, came to the mother Church, celebrated Mass, and after Mass the Emperor and all the other magnates swore to the King of England that they would aid and support him, living and dying, for seven whole years next following, if the war between the said kings should last so long. And likewise all swore to the King of England that all the magnates of Cologne and the neighbourhood should come to the King of England, and should always be prepared to come to him whenever they were notified, to

go against the King of France with him or with whomsoever the King of England might appoint in his place, and if it were to happen that any of those should not obey the King of England in regard to the foregoing conditions, all the others in high Alemania would rise against him and destroy him. These matters having been arranged and made secure, the King took leave of the Emperor and went back into Brabant.'

For the moment both parties were satisfied. It seems that the Emperor had expected the King to kiss his foot, which he had refused to do, and this was the only hitch in the proceedings. A month later, however, the Emperor was again negotiating with the King of France. He was excommunicated, and Edward soon realized that if he acted as Vicar of a schismatic he would be excommunicated himself. It had been an empty and expensive pageant, and Edward's claims to the French crown remained exactly in the same position as before he left England. The lady Joanna was consigned to the guardianship of John de Montgomery, and in due course she proceeded to the Court of her future father-in-law, but the marriage never took place, and in 1340 she returned to England.

The church of St. Castor where this solemn Mass was celebrated is a Romanesque basilica with four towers dating from the thirteenth century, and it

looks very picturesque from the quay. The Gothic vaulted ceiling was erected in 1498, and the choir contains an interesting monument to the Archbishop Kuno von Falkenstein who died in 1388, together with one to another member of the same family who died in 1418. The fountain in front was put up by the French in 1812 to commemorate Napoleon's invasion of Russia. Between the church and the monument to the Emperor William I is the Deutsch-Herrenhaus, the oldest settlement of the Teutonic Order in the Rhineland, which was founded in 1216, and has a finely preserved eastern wing and a Gothic cross on the gable. The great monument which occupies the 'Deutsches Eck' here has been described as a big and vulgar blunder. It is possibly not at all the kind of monument which would be erected to-day, but it certainly dominates the scene, which is what it was intended to do. Visitors should see the Church of Our Lady (Liebfrauenkirche) a fine church (nave 1250; choir 1404-31) with late Romanesque towers. Then there is the old electors' castle close to the Moselle bridge, an imposing-looking fortress which was partly reconstructed in the seventeenth century, but is much older. The Kornpfortstrasse contains some fine old patrician houses. The House of the Three Kings and the courtyard façade of the old inn

'Zum schwartzen Bären', with a timber gallery dating from 1609, are specially interesting. During the exhibition in 1925 of German wines an interesting experiment was made in constructing a number of timber houses symbolical of the different wine-growing districts of Germany, and the collection, which still stands, has been given the name 'Weindorf'. It is certainly worth a visit. The houses are grouped round a traditional medieval square and look gay and comely. There is music and singing (possibly by the time this book is in print that popular song 'Rheinland Mädl' may be forgotten, but at the moment the German youth sings little else), and very excellent wines can be sampled.

It is no part of my purpose to describe the Moselle, which deserves a book to itself, but there is one excursion from Coblenz which every visitor should make, and that is to Moselkern to see Burg Eltz. Moselkern is a typical little Moselle town, about twenty miles from Coblenz, surrounded by vineyards and quite unspoilt. There is an excellent inn, and, if time can be spared, I should recommend a leisurely trip there, a supper of Moselle pike, washed down with Brauneberger, and a visit to Burg Eltz on the following day. The road to Moselkern takes the right bank of the river, and the scenery becomes more beautiful with every

mile. The Moselle is the Rhine in miniature, yet in a way it is quite different. It flows twisting and bending between the same type of hills, but the towns, for the most part, are on little ledges, from which a track of meadowland stretches down to the water, giving one the impression of a river flowing through a lovely park. The hills are magnificent—in the sunshine they turn into pure gold—and they are crowded almost to suffocation with vineyards. You can imagine a proprietor peering out of his window each morning to see whether there were not some inch of space he had overlooked, and then rushing out with a vine-stick to repair the omission. How the people cling to the hillside is a mystery. Two things are certain: they cannot imbibe their products until the day's work is done, and if they slip they must end in the river. Nothing could save them. The towns are quite small until you get to Cochem. No one seems to hurry on the Moselle. There are no heavy barges, only the little white steamers, the hay-boats and ferries, and the dainty little sailing craft which one rather misses on the Rhine. The Moselle can be very hot in summer, but it is always lovely, and in spring the villages are shrouded and hidden in clouds of cherry blossom.

From Coblenz to Alken the river is fairly wide, and the towns and villages have a commercialized

air which they lose entirely as one ascends. Winningen on the left bank is not very picturesque, but it still makes merry each year when the grapes have been gathered, the last of all the towns and villages on the Rhine and Moselle to preserve the ancient Vintage Feast. A little higher up is Dieblich, which had a horrible record of witch persecution and burnings in the sixteenth century. Indeed, the whole district seems to have gone mad. It was reported that in two of the Moselle towns, after the smeller-out had done his work, only two women remained alive. At Cobern are the ruins of two castles, the homes of two brothers who preyed upon the countryside and robbed travellers, until one of them fell into the hands of the law and was executed at Coblenz in 1536 as a common criminal. Next comes Alken, on the right bank, a charming little place with old half-timbered houses, a fine gateway, and a picturesque stone stairway, all overgrown with weeds and wild flowers, which leads through a low archway to the church. Above Alken rise the towers of the castle of Thurandt, once the most formidable of all the strongholds on the lower Moselle, and a constant source of trouble between the Count Palatine and the electors of Cologne and Trier. It is said that in 1246-48, when the castle was besieged, the bailiff of Alken, being suspected of

traitorous intercourse with the enemy, was hurled from a catapult into the opposing camp, where he arrived unhurt. According to another story he was slung on a rope across the valley, and pulled backwards and forwards for hours. But whatever happened to him, he escaped in some miraculous manner, and lived to found the church which still stands on the Bleidenberg close by. The river is now becoming really beautiful. At Brodenbach, a little back from the river, rises the splendid ruin of Ehrenburg, the finest in the Moselle district, then comes Burgen, on the left bank, with the ruin of the castle of Bischofstein, and very shortly we must alight in order to cross by the ferry to Moselkern on our way to Burg Eltz, which, among other distinctions, can claim to have sheltered the same family for nearly eight centuries. It passed into the possession of an Eltz in 1125, and has been occupied by members of the Eltz family ever since.

The path to the castle lies along the stream of the Eltz, and branches off to the right beneath the railway just past the inn and post office. There is some kind of a road, and a light car can be taken as far as the second mill. Then the path turns sharply upwards into the woods, carrying one high up above the stream. It is at times narrow and precipitous, but in no sense difficult, and the beauty of it all, with the sun shining through the trees,

and the noise of the little stream rushing and tumbling below, is unforgettable. The path climbs and then drops, and in about an hour it descends to a little bridge, and in a moment Burg Eltz is before you, rising sheer out of the impenetrable woods, perched high up on a rock and looking very remote and lovely. It survived the horrors of the Thirty Years' War and all the vicissitudes of the Middle Ages partly, no doubt, on account of its inaccessibility, but in 1920 it was severely damaged by fire. It has now been carefully restored and looks as lovely and peaceful as ever. It is extraordinary what a collection of buildings can be crowded into so small a space. There are various wings and subsidiary buildings, and all open on a small crowded court not much bigger than a good-sized backyard. But what the builders lacked in space they made up for in height. Storey was piled upon storey until apparently the earth would hold no more, and the whole was then finished off with a charming jumble of little turrets and spires. Approaching from the bridge you have to climb steps cut in the natural rock until you reach the level of the foundations, and you then see how every inch of space has been utilized. The place seems to grow out of the rock, and with its lovely wooded background, it is difficult to believe that it was ever subjected to

BURG ELTZ

the process of building. It looks as if it had been pressed into a mould and set up complete by some playful giant.

The interior is most interesting, and can be seen when the family is not in residence. There is a fine collection of old furniture, stuffs, pictures, glass, and metalwork and armour. One suit is said to have been worn by an Eltz who went with Barbarossa to the East, and another, a most dainty piece, was made for a very martial lady of the family whose duty and delight it once was to fight in defence of her ancestral home. No one should miss seeing these things, for they are housed in an atmosphere of peace and dignity which can only come from centuries of care and use. There is something indefinable about Burg Eltz. It seems to have noted everything that has happened since the first Eltz crossed the drawbridge, and to have forgotten nothing. There it stands, brooding upon its past, accepting to-day, to-morrow, a century, without comment or surprise. Not even a twentieth-century fire can change it. It just renewed itself, probably in a night.

Opposite Burg Eltz are the ruins of another stronghold, Trutz Eltz, which might be translated as the Mocker of Eltz. Well, it mocked and disappeared, but apparently it gave the great house considerable trouble while it lasted. Its owner

bombarded Burg Eltz across the valley, but if the custodian can be believed, the balls fell harmlessly from the walls, and were collected and stored in the courtyard in heaps, where they can still be seen.

After leaving the castle the wayfarer can return to Moselkern and continue up the river to Cochem, which is one of the prettiest places on the Moselle, with a fine modernized castle. It achieved considerable notoriety in the sixteenth century in the possession of a criminal who is said to have committed nine hundred and sixty-four murders. They were checked up in his own diary after he had been executed, audited, and found to be correct. From Cochem we can return by steamer to Coblenz, or walkers can take the road to Münster-Maifeld (about one and a half hours), which has a fine basilica, and proceed thence by train to Mayen and Coblenz, but the journey is rather slow, and a time-table should be consulted, as there is an awkward change at Mayen.

CHAPTER VII

THE LAHN

Back at Coblenz—Niederlahnstein—Lahneck—Oberlahnstein—The Emperor Wenzel—Kapellen—Stolzenfels—The valley of the Lahn—Ems—Goethe and Lavater—Beckford at Ems—Nassau—Arnstein—Laurenburg—Dietz—Limburg and its chronicler—Runkel—Wetzlar.

BETWEEN Coblenz and Bingen we enter the famous Rhine gorge, the most beautiful stretch of the river which lasts for forty miles. The great stream twists and turns between the vine-clad hills, now having the appearance of a series of vast inland lakes, now widening and now narrowing, as some gash in the hills receives the pent-up stream and passes it on again to more turns and more lakes. On this side and that are little towns picturesquely situated beside the river, and above them on the slopes are the castles and ruins which give the river here its atmosphere of romance, and add greatly to its loveliness. But before leaving Coblenz a day or so must be spared for the Lahn valley, which opens out here on the right bank. A day will be sufficient, if a car is avail-

able, at least for an excursion to Limburg, even if time does not permit of a visit to Wetzlar.

At the junction of the two rivers are two towns, Niederlahnstein and Oberlahnstein, and behind Oberlahnstein is a very striking ruin, the castle of Lahneck, which moved Goethe in 1774 to write his exquisite poem commencing

'Hoch auf dem alten Turme steht.'

I had hoped to give it in English, but my attempt was a failure. Let any reader who thinks he can do better try his hand with the following:

'Mein halbes Leben stürmt' ich fort,
Verdehnt' die Hälft' in Ruh'.
Und du, du Menschenschifflein dort,
Fahr' immer, immer zu!'

Oberlahnstein has a most interesting history, and is to-day quite an attractive place, with a fine castle, the Martinsburg, at the head of the town, at one time the residence of the electors of Mainz. It was at Oberlahnstein that the electors met in January, 1348, to offer the imperial crown to Edward III, who promptly declined it, and here they met again in 1400 to depose the Emperor Wenzel, of whom it can only be said that there were worse kings but few more worthless. He seems to have been rarely sober, and one of the complaints against him was that when, in 1398, he went to Rheims to consult on the extirpation of the Schism, he got so drunk

OBERWERTH TO ST. GOAR

that he acknowledged the wrong Pope and gave Genoa to France. He was no very great loss to the Empire, or indeed the world in general, when he died some years later of his excesses. Poor Wenzel! the chroniclers have not been kind to his memory. They disliked his laziness and low companions. He even made friends, so it was said, with the common hangman, calling him his gossip and dear friend, and all his actions from babyhood upwards were regarded as signs of his future debaucheries, cruelties, and inglorious ease. It is interesting to note that Richard II of England had at one time some idea of supplanting his drunken brother-in-law. He granted pensions of £1,000 a year to two of the electors, the Count Palatine, and the archbishop of Cologne, and sent an embassy to the Rhineland to prepare the way for his election. But although the archbishop of Cologne did homage to Richard, nothing came of the project.

Almost opposite Oberlahnstein is Kapellen, upon which the modern castle of Stolzenfels looks down rather garishly. We will leave it and enter the lovely valley of the Lahn.

Bad Ems comes first, a fashionable spa of European reputation. Its springs were famous in very early times, and it was doubtless to protect them that the Romans carried the *Limes*, which we have encountered above Rheinbrohl, across the

Lahn just above the town. Its course is still marked at Ems by the Grabenstrasse. On the summit of the Wintersberg, across the river, within easy reach of Ems, is a tower built on the foundations of an old Roman watch-house which guarded the wall at this spot. From here the *Limes* ran south in the direction of the Taunus.

Ems is pleasantly situated in the midst of lovely hills, and needs no words of praise from me, except to say that life in a German spa can be extraordinarily pleasant in the summer if you are seriously minded, or the heat makes you lazy. There can scarcely have been a time when the baths at Ems were not popular, but in the old days the visitors took their cures more seriously even than now. They spent hours in the water, playing games and dining off little floating tables, and one sixteenth-century record speaks of a man who never stirred from the bath for ten whole days and nights. He even slept in the water.

A very singular party reached Ems in the summer of 1774. It comprised Goethe, Lavater (who was busy collecting material for his work on Physiognomy), a quiet, gentle character, and Johann Bernhard Basedow, whose character and career had made him one of the most remarkable figures in eighteenth-century Germany. He was an ardent disciple of Rousseau, at odds with

society in most of its aspects, and in voice and manner something of a bully. With these two prophets Goethe travelled from Frankfurt to Ems and Coblenz, and down the Rhine to Cologne. At Ems Goethe forsook his companions and threw himself into the life of the place, playing practical jokes and overflowing with good spirits. This strangely assorted trio then reached Coblenz, Goethe and Basedow behaving so outrageously that their fellow-travellers took them for a couple of lunatics. The dinner at Coblenz has a place in Goethe's autobiography, and in his poems, for it was here that he wrote his ' Diner zu Coblenz ', a sarcastic poem which has not very much to commend it. The next stage was Bonn, Goethe still behaving like a lunatic, wearing a bunch of flowers in his hat and devouring Butterbrodt like a wolf, and at Cologne they all separated, doubtless to the relief of the gentle Lavater, and this strange episode was over.

A few years later Beckford, the author of *Vathek*, visited Ems, which he found filled with idlers and water-drinkers. They hopped and fidgeted from ball to ball, quite oblivious of the charms of the scenery, and why anyone should want to climb hills or seek seclusion in the woods they entirely failed to understand. ' Sir,' said one worthy, when Beckford announced his intention of setting out for Wiesbaden, ' your route is to be sure very

perilous: on the left you have a chasm down which, should your horse take the smallest alarm, you are infallibly precipitated; to the right hangs an impervious wood, and there, sir, I can assure you are wolves enough to devour a regiment. A little farther on you cross a desolate tract of forest-land, the roads so deep and broken that if you go ten paces in as many minutes you may think yourself fortunate. There lurk the most savage banditti in Europe, lately irritated by the Prince of Orange's proscription, and so desperate that if they make an attack you can expect no mercy. Should you venture through this hazardous district to-morrow, you will, in all probability, meet a company of people who have just left the town to search for the mangled bodies of their relations; but for heaven's sake, sir, if you value your life, do not suffer an idle curiosity to lead you over such dangerous regions, however picturesque their appearance.' Nevertheless, Beckford made the attempt and reached his destination in safety and comfort, without a glimpse of wolf or bandit.

Next comes Nassau, above which on wooded heights rise the castles of Nassau and Stein. Nassau itself has another castle which belonged to the Counts of Laurenburg, whose descendants took the name of Nassau, but it is a dull little place. In 1530 the House of Nassau acquired the

principality of Orange, and in due course gave us a king. Arnstein, across the hills, can be reached in about an hour and a half on foot from Nassau, and is beautifully situated on a wooded hill overlooking the river. Its castle belonged to the Counts of Arnoldstein, one of whom after a stormy life, in 1139, turned the castle into a monastery and retired there to reflect upon his sins, but it was suppressed in 1803, and only the refectory remains. The church, however, still stands, a Romanesque pillared basilica, with two choirs, and two towers which are a landmark for miles around. The church is beautifully situated in the midst of the woods, and is one of the loveliest spots in the Lahn valley. The river now bends to Laurenburg, above which, in a narrow ravine behind the town, are the imposing ruins of another castle, the Balduinstein, which belonged to Archbishop Baldwin of Trier, and was built in the fourteenth century to keep the the citizens of Dietz in check. Dietz itself is prettily situated, with an attractive Altstadt which still retains some memories of the Middle Ages, but its castle, perched high up above the town, was recently a prison and is now, I believe, a children's home. Three miles farther on is Limburg, a glorious place. The narrow streets climb up from the water's edge, and crowning all are the castle buildings and the great Romanesque church, which

is one of the most remarkable ecclesiastical monuments in Germany. Seen from the left bank of the river, or from the bridge, in the evening light, with the steep roofs of the castle and the seven towers of the church (in memory of the seven Sacraments) standing out against the sky, Limburg has a beauty which is not easily found elsewhere. Inside, the church has grace and simplicity. The elevation of the nave, choir, and transepts gives a great effect of ampleness and height and makes the church seem larger than it is. It is very pleasant to rest there on a summer's day, and no one should miss the enormous font which is said to be the finest of its period and kind in Germany. It dates from the transitional period, and the dipping-bowl is supported by eight columns and is richly carved.

Limburg was a famous place in its prime, but after the fourteenth century its prosperity, which was based on agriculture, began to decline in competition with the great towns, such as Frankfurt, whose prosperity was based on trade. Prior to that its burghers were strong enough to band together against their lords and to go out and destroy what did not please them. They seem, in fact, to have spent the greater part of their time campaigning. Thanks to the record kept by a very intimate and interesting chronicler, Tilman von Wolfhagen, who wrote during the last half of the fourteenth century,

LIMBURG

we have a most valuable and instructive record of the ordinary events of every-day life, with a great deal about slaughter and fighting, and more details concerning costume and popular songs than we find in any other chronicle of the Middle Ages. Very little is known about the writer, except that he was a married clerk and a notary, and that he died in 1402, but he seems to have devoted much of his time to perambulating the streets, singing and whistling, and observing dresses and fashions, and when he was not in the streets he must have been looking out of the window. He was very proud of his adopted town. 'The town of Limburg,' he writes, 'with its burghers, was held in great honour and repute and was full of people and wealth, for all its streets and by-ways were crowded with men and goods, and they (the burghers) were much looked up to when they took the field, all very ready with their armour and weapons, and whatever belonged thereto, and at Easter, when they partook of God's body, they were honoured and respected above all others.' He loves to record all the minor happenings which attract notice in a small town, births, deaths, marriages, the riding in and out of great men, the skirmishes between lords and people, the tempests which blew down towers and trees in the long winter nights, the fires, the floods, and heavy rains. In 1344, during a

particularly bad flood, the chronicler rowed up and down the streets in a boat, and we may be sure that he did so singing. Here is a typical entry to show how his thoughts could turn in a moment from bloodshed to music. 'Item, as one writes 1347, there was a dreadful battle and defeat of the Coblenzers at Grensenaw, so that one hundred and seventy-two men were slain and a great number taken prisoners. This was done by Reinhart, Lord of Westerburg. And this same Reinhart was a noble knight, well-favoured and of excellent wit, and he rode much in the train of the Emperor Lewis. He made and sang this song (I translate very freely):

"If I break my neck for her,
Who will shed a tear?
I am friendless, and must take
What the fates bring, far or near.
Comfort for me is there none.
She is heartless, fancy-free;
If she like me not, why then,
What care I for whom she be?"

When the Emperor Lewis heard this song he upbraided the Lord of Westerburg, and told him that he must try and do better justice to the ladies. Whereupon the Lord of Westerburg was silent for a while, and then he sang this song:

"When racked by care, my hope and pride
Is in my lovely, winsome bride," etc.

Then the Emperor cried aloud: "Now, indeed, Westerburg, you have done well!" '

One can almost see the chronicler hurrying over the bridge at Limburg, singing:

> 'She is heartless, fancy-free . . .
> What care I for whom she be?';

and then returning to his study to record the awful ravages of the Black Death which, even in a small town like Limburg, carried off its twenty and thirty victims a day. In the midst of so much misery he must still find room for a little song, a very pious one, which he heard the flagellants sing as they tramped through the town, scourging themselves in the public streets and churches to the great danger of order and propriety.

And so the record goes on. Here is a merry ballad of a good wife of Strasburg, called the Fair Agnes, here a sad ditty of unrequited love, or a song about a game of chess, and now a pretty new ballad sung, piped, and drummed throughout the whole of Germany to the great joy of all people. Then comes a note upon the extravagant new dresses, the narrow skirts which impeded progress, the long tapering shoes, and the bodices with 'windows' in them, through which the roving eye could discern more than modesty allowed. A company of Limburg merchants is robbed on the

way to the Frankfurt Fair, a monstrous child is born at Boppard, the dancing frenzy breaks out in the Rhineland, a knight with the attractive name of Schuddebuddel is slain in a tourney, and so on from extravagance to violent death, until the chronicler thinks it is time for another song, and down goes the story of a monk, a leper, who made the best songs in the Rhineland, and what he sang was taken up by pipers and players, and sung and whistled in the streets by the common people at their tasks. 'Item, he sang'—then follows the song, and in a moment his troubles are forgotten.

The study of life in the Middle Ages is not always a cheering one, but a few doses of the *Limburg Chronicle* may be relied on to act as a corrective. Unfortunately it is not very easy to read, but some extracts are given in Mr. Coulton's *Life in the Middle Ages*, and a great opportunity awaits a translator with leisure and ability to tackle Tilman's rather difficult German, and to turn his jingles into English verse. He will not add much to history, but he will make the acquaintance of an unusually joyous and attractive person, a friend of singing and good company, a great lover of children, we may be sure, and one who must have left Limburg a far gayer place than he found it.

Four miles or so above Limburg is Runkel with a fine stone bridge, above which rises the old castle,

a picturesque medley of towers and gables, walls, and gateways, and Goethe enthusiasts should go on to Wetzlar where, in 1772, the young poet lost his heart to Charlotte Buff, the Lotte of the *Sorrows of Werther*. Goethe did not like Wetzlar. He called it a ' little ill-built town ', which was rather unfair, and he grew impatient of the corrupt administration of the law with its endless delays and its twenty thousand cases awaiting trial. Lotte was already betrothed, and for three months the young Goethe hung about her in hopeless infatuation, until his good sense got the better of his emotions and he tore himself away. Later in that year news reached him at Frankfurt that a youth named Jerusalem had shot himself at Wetzlar as a result of an unhappy love adventure, and instantly the plan of Werther shaped in his mind, although it was not published until 1774. Visitors to Wetzlar can see Lotte's house, as well as letters written by her and by Jerusalem, and reflect upon the amazing fact that Napoleon read the book through seven times, and that all Europe went mad about it. They can also be usefully employed in inspecting the Cathedral, a most remarkable building, and exploring the old town which has many striking features. But we are already too far from the Rhine and must retrace our steps.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RHINE GORGE

Rhens—The Königsstuhl—Braubach—The Marksburg—The Dinkholder valley—Sterrenberg and Liebenstein (The Brothers)—The Rhine Gorge—Boppard—A humanistic toll-gatherer—Boppard Forest—The Mühlbach valley—Rheinfels—St. Goar—St. Goarshausen—Cat and Mouse—St. Goar to the Moselle—Lorelei—Oberwesel—Schönburg—Caub—The Pfalz—Bacharach—Steeg—Stahleck—Lorch—The Wisper valley.

WHETHER the traveller reaches it from Coblenz, or takes it on his way to Boppard, Rhens, on the left bank, must under no circumstances be missed, for here stands the Königsstuhl where the electors chose the kings. It stands to-day, between the river and the railway, a little neglected and forlorn, a reconstruction, largely with the old materials, of the original structure dating from 1370 which was destroyed by the French. It is a curious, pulpit-like affair supported by nine columns, the platform where the electors sat being reached by a flight of steps.

RHENS

Ascham, in 1551, said it reminded him of a cock-pit. Its shape is certainly odd, and it must have been a chilly meeting-place in winter. Rhens was the point where the territories of the four Rhenish electors met, and is alive with historical associations. It was at Rhens in 1338 that the electors first acted as an independent body, and repudiated the claims of the Pope, declaring in the name of the nation that the Emperor, once duly chosen by them, needed no papal confirmation or approval. There were later emperors crowned at Rome, but the declaration at Rhens sounded the death-knell of those fruitless journeys across the Alps, which began with a triumphant passage through Italy and ended too often in an ignominious retreat, quickening into flight. If a foreigner may presume to make a suggestion, it is that the local authorities should clean up the Königsstuhl, and show a little more pride in it. It is dirty and uncared for, a most unusual condition for a public monument in Germany.

The little town of Rhens does not look its best from the river, but it is really a most delightful place. It consists almost wholly of one long street, ending in a fine gateway, and it is full of delightful half-timbered houses. It is still in part surrounded by its thirteenth-century walls, and outside the gate is the old parish church, very pleasantly situated.

When I was last there on a Saint's day the inhabitants were all streaming out to service. Life at Rhens must flow very peacefully and quietly, and no lovers of the picturesque should neglect it. Seen through the gate, with the old houses dozing and nodding in the sunlight, the town might have stepped straight out of some enchanting fairy-tale. The view is frequently missed by cyclists and motorists proceeding up the Rhine. They hurry on through the gate without a glance behind, and so lose one of the most romantic things the Rhine has to offer. Rhens is an object lesson in the art of looking back.

Almost opposite Rhens is Braubach with a sixteenth-century castle at the upper end of the town, a notable tower by the river, and some picturesque old houses, particularly in the Schlossgasse. On the heights above, rising nobly from the wooded slopes, is the Marksburg which looks very formidable with its lofty watch-tower and stately walls, the only old fortress on the Rhine which has escaped destruction. Braubach is an excellent centre for walks. To reach the Marksburg we follow the stream (the Braubach) for a while, and then bear upwards by a shady path through the woods to the right. Here again we come into touch with the unfortunate Henry IV, for the Marksburg is mentioned as one of the numerous fortresses in which he took shelter from his son.

The interior is worth a visit if time permits. It contains an interesting collection of weapons and instruments of torture, and there is a lovely view from the tower. Then take the path to the chapel of St. Martin, on a ridge to the south, which has recently been decorated in the fifteenth-century style. It is mentioned as early as 1242, and the local court administered justice in the churchyard, sitting in the open air. A path now leads down to the Dinkholder valley, from which the heights of Dreispitz can be easily reached, with a lovely view, but if you continue to Wilhelmshöhe, you will be rewarded by one of the most striking Rhine prospects to be found anywhere. The whole walk, including the visit to the Marksburg, can be accomplished in about three hours. Below you are two castles, Sterrenberg and Liebenstein, better known as The Brothers, and lower still is the Rhine spread out before you in what appears to be a succession of separate lakes. A host of legend has accumulated round the memory of the two fire-eating brothers, Henry and Conrad, who loved the same maiden and fought bitterly together, until one was killed and the other threw himself down from the castle walls, which seems an odd way of celebrating a victory. There are variants of the story, one of which recounts that the brothers were reconciled, but local people will tell you that they still fight on the wall between

the twin castles when the moon is up and the wind whistles down the valley. A pleasant but steep path now leads down to Bornhofen, from which the town of Kamp can easily be reached, and train or boat taken back to Braubach.

We must now cross the river again in order to enjoy one of the Rhine's most glorious curves. It swings right round on its tracks and, in the neighbourhood of Boppard, the traveller's impression is that he is looking out upon a great land-locked bay. The slopes are covered with vineyards, and the effect of height, as the great hills close in upon the river, is stupendous. The Rhine here is exquisitely beautiful, and the traveller with time at his disposal should traverse it slowly and deliberately.

Boppard was once a free imperial city, and lies in a kind of natural amphitheatre, still partly surrounded by its medieval walls. It was one of the principal toll stations on the Rhine and possessed, in the early sixteenth century, a tax-gatherer who entertained Erasmus and Dürer, and whose name was Christopher Eschenfelder. Erasmus first met him in 1518 when he was travelling down the Rhine from Basle to Louvain. It had been a wretched journey. The entertainment, by the way, could scarcely have been worse. At one inn the smell ' was enough to kill you, but the flies were even worse than the smell ', and when the

food came at last there was only soup with bits of meat in, so dirty that the sight almost made the travellers sick, while the fish had evidently done duty before. At another inn they were nearly suffocated by the heat of the stove, and at Speyer one of the horses gave out. At Mainz the travellers took to a boat, their spirits somewhat improving, and at Boppard Erasmus's welcome put him in an excellent humour. 'As we were going up and down the bank,' he writes, 'someone, I know not who, recognized me and pointed me out to the customs collector. The collector's name, if I remember right, is Christopher Cinicampius, vulgarly Eschenfelder. You would not believe how overjoyed the man was to see me. He dragged me into his house, and there on a table, among his business papers, were lying the works of Erasmus. He called his wife and children and all his friends, shouting aloud that he was now indeed happy; and meanwhile he sent two bottles of wine to the sailors, and afterwards, as they continued to vociferate, two more, promising that on his return he would remit the tax to whoever had brought him such a man.' Later Erasmus wrote to Eschenfelder to thank him for his treatment, calling him his very dear friend, and commenting upon the fact that while priests and monks were living in luxury and idleness, tax-collectors were

embracing good literature. 'You made it plain,' he continues, 'what opinion you had conceived of us: and I am nobly treated if a nearer view has not in any degree lowered that opinion.'

The wine distributed to the sailors had a bad effect upon the captain's wife, who tried to push her husband into the Rhine; but the tie thus formed between Erasmus and Eschenfelder lasted as long as Erasmus lived. To friends travelling down the Rhine, he gave letters of introduction to Eschenfelder, and dedicated one of his works to him. Two years later this same customs officer met Dürer, and passed him through with civility on receiving a certificate from the traveller that he was not carrying any common merchandise. One wonders whether this certificate found an honoured place beside Erasmus's letter. It is impossible to pass through Boppard without thinking of these two meetings and honouring the name of this courteous and learned man. He ought to have a statue on the river-bank, if a statue is still considered a compliment. Boppard has long been famous for its beautiful women. That they could be also of a martial turn of mind is clear from the fact that in 1791 three hundred soldiers had to be called in to quell a disturbance provoked by the women of Boppard against some decree which did not please them. Another curious, but earlier, record is the

petition by the Boppard hangman for appointment to a similar office at Frankfurt. He states as a recommendation that he had burnt more than thirty witches in the space of two years, and that he was expert in all the mysteries of the torture-chamber. It is pleasant to be able to add that his application was not successful.

The traveller should stop to see the fine Romanesque church with two towers and a peculiar system of barrel-vaulting in the nave. There is also the church of the Carmelites in the pointed style, which contains an interesting monument to Margaret of Eltz, who died in 1509, and in the centre of the town are some picturesque half-timbered houses with overhanging gables, between which the narrow streets meander most delightfully. The Ritter Schwalbach-Haus close to the river, a fine old stone mansion with a tower and pointed roof, dates from 1450. The old castle of the electors of Trier near the ferry is now the Law Courts, and its picturesque appearance adds greatly to the charm of the place.

Behind Boppard on the hills is the Boppard Forest, at one time a source of considerable trouble between the electors of Trier and the citizens. The electors claimed forest rights which the people would not admit, and many an honest man must have ' hopped headless ' or languished in fetters in

an attempt to assert his rights. To-day the woods are peaceful enough. There are seven valleys which meet at Boppard, each with its little stream flowing merrily to join the Rhine. The walks on the hills are endless, but pedestrians cannot do better than follow the signposts and markings. One delightful tramp is up the Mühl valley, following the high road for about twenty minutes and then taking a path to the right (a Rhein-höhenweg) which climbs to the Alte Burg and the Vierseen Platz, so-called because the Rhine from the heights here has the appearance of four great separate lakes.

The river still twists and turns on its way to St. Goar, skirted by the railway and the road which cross and recross each other again and again, as if disputing every inch of space. The passage here was once extremely dangerous, owing to the rocks and the swiftness of the stream, and in times of storm no boat dared face the current. Blasting has improved matters, but the river still frets and swirls there and can be very dangerous in winter. The name St. Goar has been variously explained, but according to tradition, it was the habitation of a holy hermit of that name who had a short way with heretics. He would ferry a passenger across, and when in mid-stream the saint would question him as to his beliefs. If the passenger admitted

A RHINE VALLEY

that he was a pagan, he was at once baptized and then thrown into the stream to avoid any possibility of relapse. Nor was the reception in the town itself always of the friendliest. There was an ancient custom, merry or not, according to the disposition of the victim, which was at one time strictly enforced against strangers who desired to trade at the fair. At the town gate hung an iron collar which was conveyed round the neck of every merchant who came there for the first time, and he remained a prisoner until he had redeemed himself with a competent measure of wine. Says Coryat: 'And at the drinking of it there is as much joviality and merriment as heart can conceive for the incorporating of a fresh novice into the fraternity of boone companions. And from thenceforth he is free from all manner of exactions as long as he liveth. That this is true I know by mine owne experience. For I was contented for novelty's sake to be their prisoner a little while by wearing the foresaid collar.' The victim had to be careful, however, in answering the question how he would be baptized, for if he asked for water he was soused from the pail. Special cups were used at the potations, one of which, dating from the seventeenth century, is still in the Rathaus, but the books in which the victims had to write their names seem to have been lost. One volume is said to have contained

such famous names as Charles V, Goetz von Berlichingen, and Franz von Sickingen.

There is much at St. Goar to detain the traveller. It is beautifully situated and both venerable and interesting. Dorothy Wordsworth, a true Rhine lover, has a charming description of the river here.

'St. Goar, Monday, July 24 [1820]. The town, seen from the heights, is very beautiful, with purple roofs, two tall spires, and one tower. On the opposite side of the river we peep into narrow valleys formed by the lofty hills, on which stand two ruins called, as we were told by our lively attendant, the Katzen and Mausen Towers (i.e., The Towers of the Cat and the Mouse). They stare upon each other at a safe distance, though near neighbours; and across the river, the greater fortress of Rheinfels defies them both. A lovely dell runs behind one of the hills; at its opening, where it pours its stream into the Rhine, we espied a one-arched Borrowdale bridge, and behind the bridge a village, almost buried between the abruptly-rising steeps . . . the river flows on. I see it flow, yet it is like a lake—the bendings of the hills enclosing it at each end. Here I sit, half-way from the centre of the curve. At the turning of that semi-circular curve stands our inn; near it is the post house, both rather handsome buildings. The town, softened white and purple, the green hills rising abruptly above it. . . . A ferry-boat has been approaching its landing-place with a crew of peasants. They come now slowly up from the shore, a picturesque train in grey attire—no showy colours; and at this moment I can fancy that even that circumstance gives a sweeter effect to the scene, though I have never

wished to expel the crimson garments or the blue from any landscape.' [1]

The castle of Rheinfels crowns the hill above the town, a most imposing pile, which dates from the thirteenth century, and dominates the river for miles on either side. It was besieged for fifteen months in 1255 without capitulating. In the sixteenth century it was strengthened, but it suffered the common fate of the Rhine castles and was blown up by the French in 1797. It is well worth a visit, and walkers should continue to the Spitzenstein, which is 1,300 feet above sea-level, and commands an extensive view. On the way to the castle, in the wall of the Roman Catholic church, is the oldest monument in the Rhineland, the Flammensäule, a sandstone obelisk of pre-Roman origin. It was discovered at Pfalzfeld in the Hunsrück on a site where, in 1627, the remains of a heathen temple were visible. It was at first thought to be Roman, but is probably Celtic, and it has had many resting-places since it was discovered. It was set up here in 1908.

In St. Goar itself the church, which dates from 1137 but was rebuilt in the fifteenth century, should certainly be seen. The Gothic pulpit should be noted, as well as the monuments to the Landgrave

[1] *Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth*, ed. by Wm. Knight, p. 436.

Philip II of Hesse who died in 1593, and to his wife who died some years later. There are also some extraordinarily interesting mural paintings of the fifteenth century which were found quite recently under several layers of whitewash. They are said to be the most perfect of their kind in existence.

Across the river here is St. Goarshausen. On one side, overlooking the valley of the Wellmich, is the castle known as the Mouse, and on the other is its rival, the Cat. It is perhaps unnecessary to explain that they were built to mock each other. The road up the Schweizer valley here will take one to the summit of the Lorelei, from which the view is lovely. It is also well worth while to climb the Hasenburg, about half an hour north of St. Goarshausen, in order to see the Cat and the Mouse from the back and enjoy the prospect across the Rhine to the castle of Rheinfels. There are many other walks from St. Goarshausen, and a most attractive one is to the heights and then down the Sauertal to Lorch and the valley of the Wisper, but it takes six hours, which is perhaps too much to expect of the average holiday-maker in a foreign land. I still hope, however, to shoulder my rucksack one day and do it again. Another shorter tramp is up the peaceful Hasenbach valley to the castle of Reichenburg, an imposing place erected in 1284 and rebuilt in the fourteenth century, and now in private hands.

THE MOUSE

The view from the tower is very striking. There are various paths back to St. Goarshausen, or the return journey can be made by the narrow gauge railway which serves the Hasenbach valley. Opposite the Cat was formerly a dangerous rapid called the Bank, and it is not so many years since tugs towing barges used to sound a bell when passing the Bank, whereupon the crew took off their hats to pray, and the pilot wished them health and a good journey.

There is one interesting excursion from St. Goar which no one with a car should miss. It can easily be accomplished between lunch and supper. You take the Rhine-Moselle road which turns off about half a mile below St. Goar and follow the valley of the Gründelbach, a lovely little glen, with just room for the road and the stream which hurries noisily below as the road ascends. You climb by hair-pin bends to a village called Hungenroth, where the road turns right, and if you stop here and climb into one of the adjoining fields, you will be rewarded by a view which must be almost unequalled. You cannot actually see the Rhine, for you are looking right across it to the hills and woods beyond, but you feel in some mysterious way that it is there, linking up the distant landscape. That is one of the characteristics of the Rhineland. You may not see the Rhine for days—indeed you may be miles away from it—but the countryside seems to hold

the noise of waters, and every little stream is quickening its pace, crying ' hurry, hurry ' to the trees and birds. Then on to Liesenfeld and Beulich, and dropping gently down by another winding road you find yourself at Brodenbach on the Moselle, where an excellent cup of coffee awaits you. There is no alternative route back, but the road is so lovely that you can traverse it many times and still find it new.

Returning now to the Rhine, and continuing on the left bank, you get a magnificent view of the Lorelei across the river, more imposing, I think, even than from the boat. Certainly you have more time to study it. It is an amazing crag, towering above the Rhine where it is narrowest and deepest. Round the bend at its feet rushes the river, swirling and foaming, until it is easy to understand the evil reputation which clings to it. In winter, with the ice packs piled up in the narrow channel, it can be a dreadful spot—just such a place as King Hagen and his fellow-sovereigns might well have chosen for the burying of the fatal Nibelungen hoard, which Siegfried had won from the two Nibelungen princes and their twelve giants. I am not going to print the world-famous song, firstly because the only available English translation has little to commend it, and secondly because, if there are young people about, you will hear as much of it as you are likely

to want for a lifetime. As I have said, the rock can be climbed from St. Goarshausen, and the attempt is more than worth while.

Three miles or so above St. Goar is Oberwesel, a very ancient place shown as Vosavia on Peutinger's map of the Roman roads, above which rises the castle of Schönburg with striking towers. The town has its walls almost entire, but they cannot be seen well from the river owing to the embankment. If you stop there, however, you will find them running up the hill at the back in the midst of houses, vineyards, and gardens. There are round towers by the river, and square ones at the back, fourteen in all, and altogether Oberwesel is one of the most picturesque places on the river. The fortifications date probably from the first half of the fourteenth century, when Richard of Cornwall, elected Emperor by the Hohenstaufen party in 1257, took Oberwesel and Boppard under his special protection. In 1390 the town rose against Trier, and it was besieged for a year by the archbishop, who is said to have used cannon against it for the first time in the Rhineland. A week could be spent here pleasantly enough. There are some excellent hotels, and the walks in the hills in any direction are varied and beautiful.

There are three churches, St. Martin's on the hill, a late Gothic edifice with a tower like a castle,

St. Werner's, and the Church of Our Lady. St. Werner's rests partly on the walls and has an archway beneath it. It possesses some interesting choir windows, but the nave was destroyed by the French. It was dedicated to a Christian youth named Werner, who in the thirteenth century was believed to have been killed by the Jews. The story has several variants, but this is the version given by Coryat:

'Much is in this towne spoken off for the martyrdome of a yong child in the same, called Wenerus, of the age of seven, who was in the same yeare, upon the thirteenth day of May, most cruelly martyred by the barbarous Jewes in this manner: They tied him to a certaine wooden pillar in a low vault under the ground, and whipped him so bitterly that the poore innocent child died with it. After they had thus handled him, they conveighed away his corps, and buried it under a certaine hedge where brambles and thornes grew, but being afterward casually found out by some of the townesfolke of Wesel, it was there hence translated to a place called Bavaricum (Bacharach), where they built a church to Almighty God in memory of that punie Martyr, and it is called by the name of Wenerus Church at this day. As for the wooden pillar whereunto they tyed him when they scourged him to death, it was afterward removed to an hospital church of Wesel neare to the Rhene, where they erected it at the toppe of the High Altar and is there shewed to this day.'

The translation from St. Goar, to which Coryat refers, was also the subject of a miracle, for the body floated upstream of its own motion and came to

OBERWESEL

rest at Bacharach. The third church, the Church of Our Lady, at the south end of the town, is a fine Gothic church in red sandstone dating from the early fourteenth century. It is a most attractive church, the resting-place of many representatives of noble families, particularly the Schönburgs. It has interesting features, although owing to the absence of outside buttresses, the exterior has a curiously plain appearance. Note the winged altar-piece with some fine carvings and painted figures, and the early mural paintings on the piers of the nave.

The castle of Schönburg is now in private hands, but can be seen. The most famous member of the family was Frederick Hermann of Schönburg, grandson of the ninth Earl of Dudley, who came to England with William III and fell at the battle of the Boyne. He is buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. The castle withstood a number of sieges, was captured by Gustavus Adolphus, and finally destroyed by the French. It is well worth a visit.

It should be mentioned here that below Oberwesel at low water seven rocks are visible. These are called the Seven Maidens. The Maidens are said at one time to have inhabited the Schönburg, but they steadfastly refused to change their state, until one day seven youths appeared, and, seizing them, dived with them into the Rhine. The waves rose and the winds blew, and when the storm had abated

nothing was to be seen but seven rocks, which remain to this day as a warning for all time that the claims of spinsterhood can on occasion be carried too far.

The way to Bacharach can be followed along the Rhine, or better still, on the hills from Schönburg by way of Perscheid and Steeg, passing the ruins of the castle of Stahlberg, which once belonged to the Counts Palatine, on the way. The walk takes about three hours, and you enter Bacharach through a lovely old gateway. Across the river, about halfway between Oberwesel and Bacharach is Caub, from which the Blücher valley opens out, so called to commemorate the crossing here by Blücher on New Year's Day, 1814, and opposite Caub, in the middle of the stream, is the Pfalz, a hexagonal building which looks rather like a huge three-decker stranded on a sand-bank. A boatman will row you across from Caub, and the place is worth a visit if only to see the attractive inner courtyard with its roofed gallery. The Pfalz was the place to which the Palsgraves' ladies are said to have retired for their confinements, and the accommodation must have been extraordinarily restricted and uncomfortable. It was long used as a prison, and the inmates were kept in dungeons far below the level of the river. Above Caub are the ruins of the castle of Gutenfels, formerly in the possession of the Counts

THE PFALZ

SHOWING CAUB AND GUTENFELS

of Falkenstein, from whose family Richard, Earl of Cornwall, took his third wife, the lovely Beatrice, whom he married in 1269 at Kaiserslautern, and who lies buried in the church of the Minorites at Oxford.

Bacharach was well known to our forefathers, who called it Backrach, or even Backrag, and much enjoyed its wines.

> 'I'll go afore and have the bonfire made,
> My fireworks and flap-dragons and good backrach:
> With a peck of little fishes to drink down
> In healths to this day,'

says a character in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*. Indeed, for the untravelled Elizabethan gentleman, the Rhine seems to have had no existence except as the source of the excellent wine with which he washed down his food. As a matter of fact, although the local wines are excellent, the wine which passed as Backrach was not grown there at all. Bacharach owed its reputation less to its vineyards than to the fact that the wines from the Rheingau higher up were brought overland and shipped from Bacharach, and the name clung. When the Emperor Wenzel was deposed the city of Nuremberg sent messengers to him at Prague, asking to be absolved from their oath of allegiance on payment of 2,000 gulden. The Emperor, a very valiant drinker, replied at once that Nurem-

berg could be as free as it liked, if the burghers sent him at once four tuns of Bacharach wine for his cellars.

Aubrey has a mention of Rhine wine in his *Breef Lives*. He tells us that 'Andrew Marvell kept bottles of wine at his lodging and many time he would drinke liberally by himselfe to refresh his spirits and exalt his muse. I remember I have been told that the learned —— a High German was wont to keep bottells of good Rhenish wine in his studie, and when he had spent his spirits he would drinke a good rummer of it.' From the manner in which the learned High German is dragged into the story, is it possible to resist the conclusion that it was good Rhenish wine which exalted the poet's muse, or that it came from Bacharach?

Another worthy, not a poet, whose spirits seem to have been exalted by too much Backrach, attained a notoriety in the sixteenth century which was his undoing. He returned from the tavern to be met at the door of his house by a merman, with a tail three ells long, who sprang at him and throttled him. It was probably only a bad attack of delirium tremens, but the story got about, and someone made a broadsheet out of it, adding the interesting fact that the drunkard's wife had given birth to the monster only half an hour before he

returned. This was one of those stories, like the story of Bishop Hatto, of which the Germans never seemed to tire. The bishop, as we shall see, found a home in England, but the merman seems to have been reserved for home consumption. There is a brief reference to Backrag in Howell's *Letters,* but the writer is more interested in a story he had heard concerning the value of the Rhine as a test of legitimacy. If a baby was thrown into the river it would sink if it was a bastard, otherwise it would float. One wonders what the mothers said about it.

But Bacharach must not be dismissed as a town famous only for its vintages. It is, in fact, a most charming place, a blessed spot which, in the words of an old preacher, God was careful to preserve as the apple of His eye, with old walls and three-sided towers, and until 1911, when fire destroyed it, a wonderful Rhine front of gabled and turreted houses. The place has suffered, as a whole, very severely from fires. There were burnings in 1876, 1904, 1905, 1908, and 1911, but luckily much remains. The ' Altes Haus ', dating from 1568, has a delightful courtyard, from which a winding stairway leads up to the first floor of the house, and the Templerhof or Posthof (1580) and the Langes Haus, restored in 1925, are both delightful. The castle of Stahleck, which rises behind the town,

was formerly within the fortifications, which still survive in part, together with a number of picturesque towers. There are two churches, the Templars' Church in the market-place, a late Romanesque building, restored in 1872, and the Werner Kirche, now a graceful ruin, which once housed the body of the boy Werner, whose melancholy story we have heard at Oberwesel. The lantern and the eastern lancet window still remain to suggest to us something of its former beauty. Stahleck is a striking ruin which extends down into the valley of the Steeg, and is now in the care of a society for the protection of ancient buildings, which may be trusted to look after it. Steeg itself has some picturesque old houses, and the valley should be explored on foot. Above the village rise the ruins of the castle of Stahlberg, which, like Stahleck, once belonged to the Counts Palatine. It is interesting to note that in the summer of 1402 a child-bride arrived at Bacharach, concerning whom English history knows far too little. This was the Princess Blanche, eldest daughter of our Henry IV. She was only ten years old, and had just been married to Lewis of Bavaria, the eldest son of the Emperor Rupert. What the little lady thought about it all we shall never know, but there is a very homely touch in one of the chronicles which tells us that she amused herself

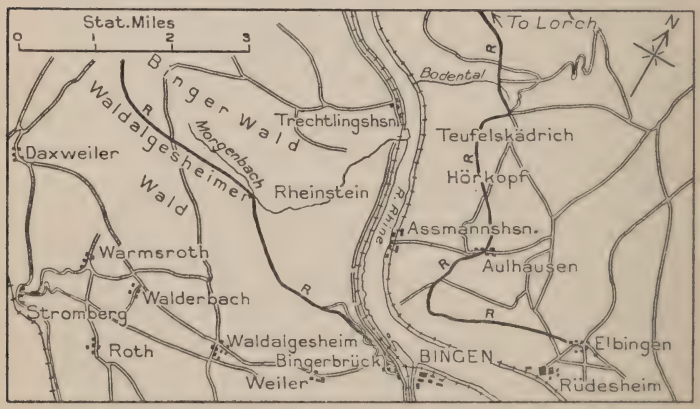
BACHARACH

on her great barge by playing ball. At that age her toys must have been of far more importance to her than her husband, even if he was an emperor's son, but, poor child, she was soon to realize the responsibilities of womanhood. We know practically nothing of her subsequent life, except that she died in childbirth at the age of seventeen, and that she was buried at Neustadt, a.d. Haardt, in a grave which can no longer be identified.

I would now recommend the traveller to cross the river to Lorch, an interesting little place in itself, with the ruins of the castle of Nollich rising high above the river. It is reached by a devil's ladder, which a knight once scaled on horseback to rescue his lady-love. But the principal attraction of Lorch is that from it one enters the valley of the Wisper, one of the most delightful of the Rhine valleys, a veritable sleepy hollow. Up the valley runs the road to Langen-Schwalbach (about twenty miles away). One can traverse the valley on a summer's day in almost complete solitude. A walker may pass you here and there, but for the most part only the noise of the little stream, and the singing of the birds, break a silence which can almost be felt. The road twists and turns beside the river to Geroldstein, where it leaves the Wisper and follows a smaller stream for some miles, when it starts climbing and zigzagging to Langen-Schwalbach, a

pleasant and fashionable spa, from which a lovely road through the woods takes you to Wiesbaden in another fifteen miles. The Wisper wind has a bad reputation in winter, but in spring and summer the valley is a dream of beauty.

There is a fine walk from Lorch through the woods behind Assmannshausen to Rüdesheim, which can easily be accomplished in a summer afternoon. You enter the Wispertal, and after passing the last house, you strike up into the woods and follow the Rheinhöhenweg (marked R) and the signposts through Hörkopf and Aulhausen until you reach the Niederwald monument, of which more later, and then drop down to Rüdesheim and cross to Bingen by the ferry.



R = *Rheinhöhenweg*

RHINE WALKS II.

CHAPTER IX

BINGEN AND THE NAHE

Bingen—Rüdesheim—The Morgenbachtal—The Nahe valley—Kreuznach and its environs.

BINGEN is an excellent centre for exploring all the beauties of the Rhine as far down the river as Bacharach. It is situated at an important junction where the Nahe enters the Rhine, and steamers and motor-boats ply in all directions. An interesting excursion by water can be made to Trechtingshausen (or Trechtlingshausen), where the castle of Sooneck, beautifully situated, rises above a ravine, and Niederheimbach with the castle of Heimburg, now modernized. There is another castle above Trechtingshausen, the Reichenstein or Falkenburg, a famous robber stronghold of the thirteenth century, which had eventually to be reduced by force. Rudolph of Habsburg marched against it and took and burnt it, after which he hung all the garrison, including Philip of Bolanden, who held the castle for the see of Mainz. On the way we pass yet another on the left bank, Rheinstein, which is magnificently placed

on a crag above the river. Half-way between Bingen and Assmannshausen, on the other bank, where the river takes a deep bend, are the ruins of the castle of Ehrenfels. It was built some time between 1208 and 1220 as a toll-fortress, and was destroyed in 1689. Seen from Bingen this is, to my mind, one of the most romantic and lovely of all the Rhine castles. It is very pleasant to climb up to the ruins on a summer afternoon, and watch the traffic and the shadows on the river, and glory in the view. A great river is always an inspiring thing to look at, and the Rhine is seen at its best from this point. I never see Schloss Ehrenfels without thinking of an entry in a Mainz Chronicle, which records that after some disturbance in the fifteenth century, eight burghers were imprisoned there. The great men were laid by the heels in one tower, and Jacob Post, Michel the apothecary, and one called the wine-burner were confined in another. I can relate nothing more about them, but it would be interesting to know what an apothecary and a wine-burner can have had in common, apart from the misfortune of their imprisonment, and I often ask myself what they can have talked about. Assmannshausen is a typical little Rhine town, deep in its vineyards; it looks charming from the river, and is well worth a visit. A good plan is to go down the river by boat there,

and walk back to Rüdesheim over the hills (see map at p. 134).

Below the Ehrenfels is the famous Binger Loch, a dangerous passage even now when blasting operations have secured a wider fairway, but in the old days many a craft must have come to grief on the rocks there. A special system of flags and pilotage is in operation, and you may still see the crews of the barges uncovering their heads when the boats are safely through. At the entrance to the Loch is the Mouse Tower, with its gruesome story of Bishop Hatto who was devoured by rats. Many of us must have recited at school with tremendous gusto:

'And in at the windows and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once for the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment to him.'

Thus far Southey, but the story reached England centuries earlier. It was, in fact, the earliest genuine Rhine legend to gain a footing in this country. It came to us first in 1572 by way of 'A briefe collection of strange and memorable things gathered

together out of the Cosmography of S. Munster ', and it seems to have caught the popular fancy at once. Ten years later there was entered at Stationers' Hall a ballad entitled ' The wrathful judgement of God upon Bishop Hatto '. Then came ' Bloody Newes out of Germanie, or the peoples' miserie from famine. Being an example of God's judgement on one Harto a Nobleman of Germanie ', which seems to have been a very dull piece. The story cropped up again in the ' Comical History ' of the ' Costlie Whore ', acted in 1633. There is no doubt that the English public had a great liking for stories of portents and prodigies from abroad. Professor Herford, in his *Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century*, mentions a whole series of pamphlets dealing with massacres, earthquakes, apparitions, monstrosities, and strange visions, all collected from Germany and published for the delectation of English readers. The craze may have been due to the fascination of the Faust legend, but there is no doubt that the average Englishman of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries regarded Germany as the true home of sorcery and witchcraft. Men even went there to study the science—sometimes with unexpected results. One, Whitehead, returned from Germany in 1605, where he had received instruction in the magical arts, and had learnt how

to ' baptize a dogge and take the skinne of a Christian bodye and make him a girdle ' with which to command spirits. He was dragged before the Star Chamber, and upon his examination ' he did confesse that he coulde turn all the rushes in the Roome into Spirites and serpentes ', but an end was soon made of his conjurations, and he was sentenced to stand in the pillory, to lose both his ears, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment.

But to return to Bingen, which is a thriving town, with Bingerbrück just below it, where the trains branch off up the Nahe valley. It is not beautiful in itself but beautifully situated—a place not easily forgotten, for coming down the Rhine it is at Bingen that the real beauties begin, and going up the river it is at Bingen that they are left behind. As a good deal has been said about Roger Ascham's Rhine journey, it may be mentioned here that at Bingen he bought two fair coins of Diocletian and Maximian for a stiver. No one, it may be safely affirmed, will ever do that to-day.

Immediately opposite Bingen towers the great Niederwald monument which was erected to commemorate the foundation of the German Empire in 1870-1. What this gigantic lady thought of the British troops stationed at Bingen I know not. Nor do I think that anyone who has lived at Bingen for many months, as I have done, is qualified to express

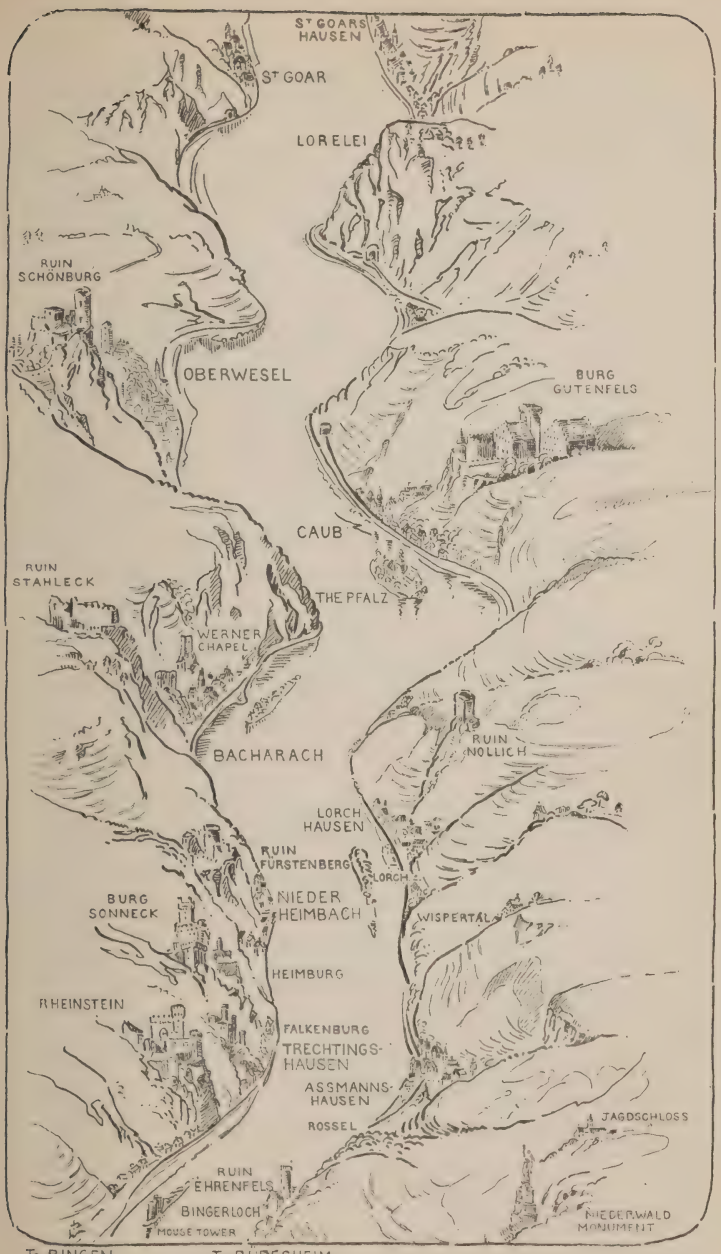
an opinion as to her charms. One sees too much of her, and in winter she is not at her best. But whether you climb the hills at the back of Rüdesheim, or mount by the cable railway, the view from the top is glorious. Rüdesheim itself is a sunny little place, known far and wide for its wine, which was produced there certainly as early as the eleventh century. One square tower to the east of the town is all that survives of its walls, but the ruins of the castle of the knights of Rüdesheim still stand near the station, and there are many lovely walks among the hills (see map at p. 134). It may be interesting to note that when Sir Thomas Browne's son Edward was at Rüdesheim in 1668 he was shown a boy whose hair was thick and woolly like a negro's, but of a fine white colour, and the traveller possessed himself of a lock, which was doubtless added to his father's closet of rareties at Norwich.

Bingen has a past of considerable importance. The Romans erected a castellum there, and in the Middle Ages it was a free town of the Empire. It has a fine old church with a crypt which goes right back to Carlovingian times. Burg Klopp, which is now given over to muncipal offices, was the scene at Christmas, 1105, of what has been described as the most devilish deed in all German history, for here was played out one of the final scenes in the miserable story of the Emperor Henry IV and his

treacherous son, the future Henry V. The complete story cannot be told here. It is sufficient to recall that under the Emperor Henry IV the quarrel between the Church and State concerning lay investitures reached its climax. The Pope denied the right of ecclesiastics to receive their benefices from a layman, and thus condemned the whole system of feudal investitures of land to the clergy. If the Pope had his way, the bishops and abbots, who held half the land and wealth of Germany from the Emperor, would transfer their allegiance to the Pope, and government would be impossible. Henry IV stood firm, was excommunicated and declared to be deposed, and then by a masterly act of humiliation he submitted to the Pope at Canossa in 1077 and defeated the papal designs in Germany. A second ban followed which was ineffective, but in 1104 came the rebellion of the Emperor's son, who claimed that he could not obey an excommunicated ruler. An interview had already taken place, at which the Emperor had been overcome by his passionate fondness for his son who was in arms against him. Then came the final act of treachery. Milman has described it in a moving passage.

'He threw himself at the feet of young Henry; he adjured him by the welfare of his soul. "I know that my sins deserve the chastisement of God, but do not thus

sully thy honour and thy name. No law of God obliges a son to be the instrument of divine vengeance against his father." The son seemed deeply moved; he bowed to the earth beside his father, entreated his forgiveness with many tears, promised obedience as a son, allegiance as a vassal, if his father would give satisfaction to the Church. He proposed that both should dismiss their armies, each with only three hundred knights repair to Mentz to pass together the holy season of Christmas. There he solemnly swore that he would labour for lasting reconcilement. The Emperor gave orders to disband his army. In vain his more cautious and faithful followers remonstrated against this imprudence. He only summoned his son again, who lulled his suspicions by a second solemn oath for his safety. At Bingen they passed the night together; the son showed the most profound respect, the father yielded himself up to his long-suppressed feelings of love. The night was spent in free and tender conversation with his son, not unmingled with caresses. Little thought he, writes the historian, that this was the last night in which he would enjoy the luxury of parental fondness. The following day pretexts were found for conveying the Emperor, not to Mentz, but to the strong castle of Bechelheim (Böckelheim) near Kreuznach. Henry could but remind his son of the perils and difficulties which he had undergone to secure him the succession to the Empire. A third time young Henry pledged his own head for the security of his father. Yet no sooner was he, with a few attendants, within the castle, than the gates were closed—the Emperor Henry IV was a prisoner! His gaoler was a churchman, his enemy the Bishop Gebhard of Spires, whom he had formerly expelled from his see. Either from neglect or cruelty he was scantily provided with food; he was denied a barber to shave his beard and the use of the



ST. GOAR TO BINGEN

See pp. 58, 72, 84, 98

bath. The inexorable bigot would not permit the excommunicated the ministrations of a priest, still less the Holy Eucharist on the Lord's Nativity. He was compelled by menaces against his life to command the surrender of all the regalia which has been left in the castle of Hammerstein.'

The Emperor did not long survive his misfortunes. He contrived to escape from his captors, and took refuge at Liège, where he died on August 7, 1106, reduced by hunger to such straits that he is said to have eaten the leather from his boots. Just before his death he sent his ring and sword to his son with the pathetic message: 'If thou hadst left me more I would have sent thee more.'

Burg Klopp was destroyed by the French in 1689. It has been restored, but the castle of Böckelheim remains a ruin, and we shall visit it later. There are no more tragic places in the whole of the Rhineland.

On the Rupertsberg, above Bingerbrück, stood formerly a castle which in time became a convent and has now entirely disappeared. Here dwelt Bingen's most famous lady, St. Hildegard, who died in 1179. She composed hymns and was a tremendous letter-writer, and lived, according to Fuller, 'in an age which we may call the first cock-crowing after the midnight of ignorance and superstition'. Her correspondents included four Popes, the Emperors Conrad III and Barbarossa;

everybody, in fact, of note throughout the Empire. To quote Fuller again: 'The greatest torches of the Church lighted themselves at her candle. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, the bishops of Mentz, Cologne, Bremen, Treves sent such knots as posed their fingers to our Hildegardis to untie,' and one and all she scolded and lectured until they must have longed to silence her for ever. Of her miracles it was reported that 'she made no more to cast out a devil than a barber to draw a tooth, and with less pain to the patient', and as an example of her epistolary style may be quoted a letter in which she accused the bishop of Speyer of wallowing in the filth of his misdeeds. The following is from Coryat, who keeps even Bishop Hatto waiting while he enlarges on St. Hildegard's ecstasies, and the piety of her life.

'She lived here about the yeare of our Lord 1180, as Gesner writeth, and was of the order of St. Bennet, even in the time of St. Bernard Abbot of Claravallis; betwixt whom there was a great friendship, as it appeareth by their mutuall Epistles that they wrote to each other, which are yet extant in the work of St. Bernard. Truly there are very admirable matters written of this woman by the historians. For it is reported that she was often rapt in the middest of her sleepe with certaine enthusiasmes, that is, divine inspirations, whereby she learned the Latine tongue after a most miraculous manner without any teacher.'

No one should leave Bingen without making

an excursion to the Morgenbachtal, which can be reached also from Trechtingshausen, for with its rocks and woods and waterfalls it ranks among the most charming of the Rhine lateral valleys. It can be reached from Bingerbrück by crossing the railway and taking the road marked R (Rheinhöhenweg) to the Schweizerhaus which has lovely views. Here you strike the stream, which should be followed right down to the Rhine above Trechtingshausen. It is useless to attempt to describe this walk. I have done it again and again and have found fresh beauties every time. Three unhurried hours can be allowed, but if a shorter walk is desired you can go by train or motor-bus to Trechtingshausen and follow the valley for as long as you like, returning to Trechtingshausen, whence train or motor-bus will take you back to Bingen. The narrow road leads up under the Falkenburg and climbs between the hills beside the little stream from which the Morgenbachtal takes its name. It should on no account be missed. Another delightful excursion is to Stromberg, an interesting little town on the old Roman road from Bingen to Treves, with two castles and not a few recollections of Roman times, such as a Römerberg and a Römergasse. You can take the motor post there, or better still to Waldalgesheim, and walk to Stromberg very easily in an hour. Waldal-

gesheim, which is some 900 feet above the sea, is an excellent starting-point for exploring the Binger Wald, which walkers will find delightful. With the little map given on p. 134 you can plan a dozen expeditions and still not exhaust its beauties.

Behind Bingen is the Rochusberg, which can be climbed in one and a quarter hours there and back. The Rochuskapelle at the top commemorates the delivery of the place from plague in 1666 by the prayers of the saint. There is a great popular festival on the first Sunday after August 15, and all Bingen streams up the hill for worship and refreshment, but it is a crowded, noisy business, and strangers would be well advised to provide themselves with sandwiches and liquids and bury themselves in the Binger Wald until it is over.

My readers will probably remember Bingen as a place bathed in sunshine, but I recall it as I first saw it, with the Rhine frozen into great blocks of ice, the air cold and still, and the streets thick with snow. It was Christmas Eve and the town had been transformed into a kind of market. It was crowded with Christmas shoppers, the men crying ' Gruss' Gott ' to each other, and the children shrieking with delight at the gingerbread toys, and sweets with which the stalls were covered. Everywhere were rows of Christmas trees, their ranks growing thinner and thinner as the afternoon turned to evening,

BINGEN

until finally the last survivor was lifted on to a tiny cart drawn by dogs, and carried off in triumph to some peasant's home. Then at night came service in the Lutheran church, where in a blaze of light a giant Christmas tree stood beneath the east window scenting the whole church, while the people sang 'Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht.' My recollections of Bingen will always be associated with that hymn and with the scent of Christmas trees.

I would recommend all visitors to Bingen to see Kreuznach, which lies some twelve miles away on the Nahe. Bad Kreuznach is a bright little spa noted for its powerful saline springs, and it has a wonderful old bridge with overhanging houses which is alone worth a visit. There is perhaps not much else to attract the antiquarian, although the inhabitants will tell you that Dr. Faust's house, from which he was fetched by the devil, can still be seen in the Karlstrasse, but no time should be wasted in trying to find it. On his way to the town the devil is said to have gobbled up a peasant and his horse and cart, but when he attempted to do the same with a knight, the armour stuck in his throat and he spat him out. It seems a crime to dismiss Kreuznach so briefly, but I am thinking of the tourist who has a limited holiday at his disposal and much to see. If I had my way I could write pages on the place, and particularly on the

experiences of an English boy whose lot it was to spend a happy year or so at the Realschule there. When I was at Kreuznach last year the boys were still crossing and re-crossing the old bridge with their tin boxes and books and odd little coloured caps. They reminded me of many things—the daily tramp to school, the hard and continuous work, the awful essays on Schiller and Goethe, which had to be written in a foreign tongue, and then, when time allowed, the boating and swimming, the long, happy tramps through the woods, with now and then a memorable excursion to the Rhine, the concerts in the Kurgarten, the Carnival, the Jahrmarkt, and in summer, when English visitors began to arrive, the familiar sound of your own tongue and the possibilities of tennis behind the Kurhaus.

But we must hurry on to Münster-am-Stein, which has a magnificent red porphyry crag shooting straight up from the river, and considerable reputation as a spa. The crag is crowned by the ruins of the castle of Rheingrafenstein, a marvellous stronghold erected in a single night—tower drawbridges, even the chapel, complete—by that great popular architect, the devil, who received as his reward, not the soul of the chaplain which he had bargained for, but an ass dressed up in collar and biretta. Opposite Rheingrafenstein, crowning

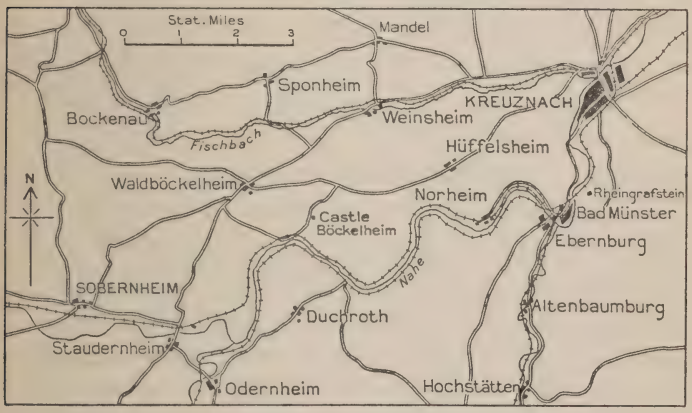
another hill, is a most interesting ruined castle, the Ebernburg, where Franz von Sickingen was born in 1481. This stronghold was the retreat in the sixteenth century of many famous men who were under the ban of the Empire, among them Ulrich von Hutten, who described the castle as the Refuge of Justice (Herberge der Gerechtigkeit), and wrote there his letters to the Emperor, the nobles, and the German people. Close to the Ebernburg is the Rotenfels, a great cliff rising almost straight from the valley which, in his boyhood, Sickingen tried to scale. It was a piece of folly which might have cost him his life if the good spirit of the rock had not come to his rescue and carried him home to bed. Another lovely excursion from Münster-am-Stein is to the Altenbaumburg, a fine ruined castle, once the ancestral seat of the Raugrafen. The path goes through the peaceful Hutten-Tal and then through woods, and the view from the top is not easily forgotten.

From the Ebernburg the traveller can easily reach the castle of Böckelheim, which is perched on a rock high up over the River Nahe not far from the village of Waldböckelheim. In this castle, now ruined, the Emperor Henry IV was imprisoned by his son (see above, p. 141), and a few miles away across the river is Sponheim with a ruined castle and a fine Romanesque church (which should certainly

be visited) belonging to the Benedictine abbey of which the learned Trithemius was abbot from 1484 to 1506. This very famous man, who exercised a great influence on his contemporaries, was born in 1462 in the village of Trittenheim on the Moselle, not far from Treves, and soon showed himself to be a man well in advance of his time. One winter's day in 1482 he was snow-bound in the neighbourhood of Sponheim, and within a couple of months he had settled there and entered the novitiate. Not long after he took his final vows, and notwithstanding his youth he was elected abbot. Under him Sponheim acquired a great reputation for learning. Trithemius was the first German to acquire a working knowledge of Greek and Hebrew. He gathered together a splendid library which, when he left, numbered over two thousand volumes in many languages, and more than a hundred Greek manuscripts. He was a man of character and a fine scholar, yet owing no doubt to his interest in the occult, the world in general looked upon him as a wizard. The common people liked to think of him as a man who could call up spirits from the underworld, predict future events, and discover robberies and thefts by witchcraft. This reputation he was never able to live down. His fame extended even to England, and all his speculations and inquiries were regarded as so much evidence of his

association with the devil—an odd fate to overtake a man whose learning, character, and simplicity of life might well have placed him in the front rank of German humanists.

As can be seen from my sketch map, all these places, Kreuznach, Münster-am-Stein, the Ebernburg, Böckelheim, and Sponheim can be reached



RHINE WALKS III.

in the course of a not very strenuous day's motoring, leaving some time for sight-seeing at each. I should, however, recommend spending the night at Kreuznach and making the expedition from there. This would give more time for seeing Kreuznach, which is really a most attractive little place.

CHAPTER X

THE RHEINGAU AND MAINZ

AT Bingen the whole character of the Rhine changes. After miles of steep, vine-clad slopes, crowned by castled ruins, the traveller finds himself between low banks, often a thousand yards apart, and the stream is divided by long, low-lying islands which do not add to its beauty. It is advisable to leave the Rhine at Bingen and proceed swiftly to Mainz, for we are now entering upon a district of famous towns which, interesting as they may be, have little connexion with the Rhine as a thing of beauty. But it must not be forgotten that this is the Rheingau, the most fruitful tract of country and the richest wine-growing district on the Rhine. It was here that our ancestors obtained the 'Rhine-cow', which they appear to have drunk in great quantities, and almost every town or village within it is connected with some famous vintage. Johannisberger, Rüdesheimer, Geisenheimer, Schar-

lachberger (from the hills behind Bingen), Steinberger, Rauentaler, and Hocheimer are all produced in the Rheingau, which is only some fifteen miles in extent. Its reputation was established in very early times. The vineyards go back to Carlovingian days, and the industry was thoroughly well established by the thirteenth century. Bartholomew Anglicus, who wrote one of the most famous encyclopedias of the Middle Ages, describes it as follows:

OF RINCHOVIA

'Rinchovia is a lyttel londe, and stretcheth fro the cyte Maguncia (Mainz) upon the brynke of the ryver of Ryne betwene mountayns, vnto the towne which that hyght Pinguia (Bingen); and hyght Rinchovia of the ryver Renum, that renneth throughe the myddell thereof. And though the land be lyttel yet it is in eche clyffe of the Ryne mervaylous mery and ryght plentuous: for it is so fayre and so goodly, and so incredible plentifull, that it is hygh delyte plesure and comforte, not only to them that dwell there but also to theym that passe that way. And pleaseth and fedeth them as an orcharde of passynge lykynge. And the grounde thereof is so swete and so fat, that it bryngeth forth right swyftly fruit and corne in ryght great plentie. There in the same felde growen apple trees of dyvers kynde, and nuttes also, and yet notwithstanding so gret plente of fruit, in the same felde groweth well good corne. Also divers trees let not the vines: but in the same lytel felde growen togider corne, wyne, nuttes, apples, corbas, peres, and many other frutes.

Ther ben hote wels, nedeful medicine to bodies, that spryng out of the ground. There is moch good nedeful to mankind that were too longe to reherse.'

Travelling in this part of Germany was not always a very safe occupation. Pero Tafur, the Castilian Knight, who travelled extensively in Europe and the Near East between 1435 and 1438, after numerous escapes from drowning and various forms of violent death, was riding peacefully along the Rhine roads with a number of prelates and ambassadors when the company was set upon by two hundred horsemen in the neighbourhood of Mainz, and all were carried off to a neighbouring castle, where they were closely imprisoned for fourteen days. Not that their treatment was in any sense harsh. Indeed, they were so lavishly entertained night and day with food and drink that Tafur's digestion seems to have been seriously deranged. But the loss of liberty was irksome, and in the circumstances not very easy to explain. It was apparently one of those risks which travellers at that time had to face, and in Tafur's case, except for an unfortunate episode connected with his trusty sword which was unaccountably mislaid, no one seems to have bothered much about it.

It is not easy to miss Mainz, for it is a great railway and steamboat centre, and all roads seem to lead there sooner or later. Its history goes back

to Celtic times. The Romans built a bridge there and used it as a base for their operations in Central Germany, and in the Middle Ages it attained such prosperity that it came to be known as Golden Mainz. It seems to have developed commercially at a very early period. In 949 the Emperor's envoy to Constantinople encountered an exceedingly wealthy merchant of Mainz named Liutfried, who was travelling thither with costly presents to the Emperor of the East. Mainz was also an early centre of Christianity, and the first archbishop is said to have been the son of an English wheelwright. This is the origin of the two cart wheels which are still retained in the city's arms.

Mainz was too wealthy to be long at peace. Its burghers were always craving for more power, and in 1160 they rose against the archbishop and butchered him. Three years later the city was taken by Frederick Barbarossa and its walls and defences were reduced. Later, in 1184, in order to celebrate the restoration of order, the Emperor held a great feast at Mainz, the most imposing festival which Germany had ever seen. Amidst great pomp the Emperor's two sons were admitted into the ranks of knighthood. It was here that German chivalry may be said to have been founded, and the memory of that great day long survived in legend and in the lays of the Minnesingers. It

was at Mainz, too, that Barbarossa in 1188 took the Cross, prior to embarking on that fatal expedition to the East in which the Emperor, his son, and a vast number of princes of the Empire, perished. The son died at Antioch. Frederick himself was drowned in a Bulgarian river and lies at Tyre in an unknown grave, in some ways the best and mightiest of the German Cæsars. There is something very grand, as Bishop Stubbs has said, in the spectacle of the old lion, having made peace at home and bound all quarrelsome people to it by an oath, setting off at the age of sixty-three to fight the Lord's battles in a strange land. For the German people he has never died. He sits in a cave in the Harz or Salzburg mountains, his beard grown through the stone table, waiting for the day when Germany in her direst need shall summon him to rise and set her people free.

The bitter quarrel between Barbarossa and Henry the Lion is not of much concern to the Rhineland, but it is interesting to note that at Mainz, at a great gathering summoned to the crowning of the Emperor's son, an honest attempt was made to renew the ancient friendship. It failed, and Henry, the lord of half Germany, remained in exile in England with his English wife until after Barbarossa's death, but it is pleasant in the modern, bustling city to get even a fleeting glimpse of

Henry the Lion, a fine, upstanding figure, one of the most interesting and attractive personalities in the whole of medieval history. It was at Mainz also that an attempt was made to put down with a heavy hand the curse of private warfare between the feudal lords, which was a constant menace to the public peace. The Emperor Henry IV, in 1085 at Mainz, extended the Peace of God throughout the Empire. All warfare was forbidden for four days in the week, and various classes of persons —clerks, merchants, peasantry, women and children were declared to be inviolable at all times. The attempt may not have been wholly successful, but it succeeded in putting certain places and persons and seasons under the protection of the Church and outside the limits of private quarrels.

There is one event in the history of Mainz which should give the city a special interest for English visitors, for it was to Mainz that Matilda, the only daughter of our Henry I, was brought in 1109 to be betrothed to the Emperor Henry V, the rebellious son who had imprisoned and hastened the death of his father, the Emperor Henry IV. The Princess was then eight years old. A year earlier an embassy had arrived from Germany, great men, earls, and barons, lofty in stature, of wise eloquence and profound learning, to ask her hand in marriage for their master, and in due course the little lady,

glittering with jewels and supplied with a sumptuous dowry, was dispatched to Mainz where, in the Cathedral, the archbishop of Treves held her in his arms, while the archbishop of Cologne, surrounded by all the dignitaries of the Empire, placed the crown upon her brow. The Emperor settled upon her an immense fortune and commanded that the child should be carefully educated. His commands were apparently most scrupulously executed, for five years later, amidst a splendid assembly, in the presence of all the nobility of the Empire, she was formally married to the Emperor on 7th January, 1114, in the Cathedral. Matilda was then at the most a child of thirteen. A contemporary chronicle, now at Cambridge, shows the Emperor and his bride conversing pleasantly together at the wedding breakfast, while retainers hurry to and fro with dishes and eatables.

It does not seem that the young bride saw much of her husband, and no child was born to them. The Emperor was a man of violent temper, severe, and often cruel, and the remorse which preyed upon him for his treatment of his father made him a gloomy and morose companion, but Matilda appears to have exercised a soothing influence over him, and by her prudence and grace she won great favour among the nobles of the Empire. Upon the death of her husband in 1125 she left Germany and

returned to her native country to fight with her cousin Stephen for the crown of England. She brought back with her not only the chronicle containing her picture mentioned above, but also the imperial crown jewels, and with them, it seems, some hope that the Empire might be hers or her father's.

A great calamity overtook Mainz in the fifteenth century. In 1462 war broke out between the rival archbishops, Diether II of Isenberg and Adolph II of Nassau. The citizens took sides with Diether II, but the city was captured by his opponent. Adolph demanded the delivery up of the city's privileges and charters, and cancelled them, and Mainz ceased to be a free imperial city and passed into the possession of the archbishops. On October 30, 1462, all the burghers had to repair to the market-place, where they were surrounded by troops and publicly upbraided by the conqueror. All, he said, had forfeited their lives, but he would content himself with a sentence of exile. They were to leave the city forthwith and proceed to Frankfurt, there to await his pleasure. The burghers fell on their knees and begged for mercy, but in vain. Eight hundred of them were driven out then and there, without money or clothes, without taking leave of their families, and many of them did not see their native city again. Mainz never recovered

its former position, for the exiles carried with them the secrets of its prosperity, and founded new homes and trading houses in Frankfurt and elsewhere.

Visitors will, of course, make first for the Cathedral, one of the most interesting of the great Rhenish churches. Its history is extraordinary. It was burnt down on the very day of its consecration in 1009. It was rebuilt and rededicated in 1036 in the presence of the Emperor Conrad II. Nothing is left of this early church except the lower parts of the two eastern towers, for the whole was burnt again in 1081. The Emperor Henry IV took the greatest interest in the work of rebuilding, and in 1137 a fresh church was dedicated which is the kernel of the present Dom. Then came fresh burnings, an earthquake and local troubles, and about 1200 the Cathedral was so damaged that a complete restoration was necessary. Once again in 1239 the Cathedral was rededicated, and by this time the end of the Romanesque period had been reached. Under Gothic influence a row of chapels was added on either side, turning the three aisles into five, and in 1360 the east tower was heightened without much thought for its foundations, so that the whole had to be rebuilt in 1869-70. During the Thirty Years' War the church was terribly injured. Another fire occurred in 1767, and during the

French Revolution it suffered once again from fire and was used as a store-house, the furniture and contents being sold by auction or stolen. For a long time the great church remained deserted and abandoned, but in 1803 Napoleon saw fit to order it to be restored. Later, during the retreat of the French in 1813-14, it served as a barracks and stables, and the restored church as we see it to-day is the work of a Dutch architect.

Notwithstanding much restoration, the Dom at Mainz is a superb example of a Romanesque double-ended church. It is magnificently strong, sombre, and is built of a beautiful reddish stone. It dominates the whole city, throwing up its spires and towers against the sky-line, while the crowded houses at its feet add greatly to the sense of height.

The main entrance is reached between some houses in the market-place and opens on to the north aisle. The bronze doors are magnificent specimens of early work. They date from 988, and are probably the oldest in existence after those at Aachen. They were cast by order of Archbishop Willigis for the adjoining Church of Our Lady, and were brought here when that church was demolished in 1804. On the upper panel an inscription of 1135 enumerates the privileges granted to the town by Archbishop Adalbert I in 1118. The burghers had

marched to his aid in a dispute with the Emperor Henry IV, and in return for their services the town received a fresh charter of such far-reaching importance that it had to be written in metal. The tablets were at first set up in the Liebfrauenkirche and removed to the Cathedral about 1804 with the bronze doors just mentioned. I should recommend anyone paying a first visit, after entering through these doors, to wander round the interior without attempting a detailed examination. The church is so huge that some time must be allowed for the feeling of amazement which is bound to strike the beholder. The cross lighting from the side chapels is effective, although tending to darken the central aisle, and the general effect is most impressive. A good plan is to rest a little and then go round and look at the other entrances. There are two interesting doors in the eastern façade in the Liebfrauen Platz, one of which has a beautiful sculptured tablet showing the Saviour between Mary and St. John. It was part of the screen which originally separated the west choir from the transepts and nave, and dates from the thirteenth century. Other sculptures from this screen will be noticed later (see p. 164). There is also an interesting doorway opening from the Leich-Hof, and a lovely little door leading from the west choir to the Sacristy on the north, a fine specimen of early Gothic.

When we examine the interior in detail[1] we find that we are in a pillared basilica with two choirs and three aisles, of which the two outer aisles are extended by a series of chapels. The central aisle is flanked by slender engaged columns reaching to the windows above. These are separated by very narrow openings, and each alternate column carries the vaulting of the roof. The west choir, which early superseded the east choir for divine service, is painted dark blue and is richly decorated. The east choir dates from the eleventh and twelfth centuries and shows signs of Lombardic influence. The transept opens on to the St. Gothard's chapel, a Romanesque double chapel, with aisles and an opening between the upper and lower chapels. It was built by Archbishop Adalbert (d. 1137) and was reserved for the archbishops' private devotions. They worshipped above and the servants below. The lower church contains the plain tombstone of the founder. From the south aisle a portal leads to the Memorie erected in 1243, which owes its name to the memorial services held there. It contains a fine bishops' throne, dating from Romanesque times, built of Roman stones with an inscription on the outside of the right arm.

[1] The sacristan who lives at Leich-Hof 30, shows the west choir, the Memorie, cloisters and crypt, and St. Gothard's chapel.

Above are some interesting Renaissance sculptures. To the left of the portal leading to the Memorie note the sixteenth-century tablet to the memory of Fastrada, the third wife of Charlemagne, who died in 794. From the Memorie a door leads to the cloisters in which are preserved a number of sculptures formerly in the Cathedral. Among them is a striking memorial tablet dating from Carlovingian times, showing a cross and an inscription ' Sca. Crux nos salva ', a remarkable example of early religious art. Another memorial is that to Heinrich von Meissen, called Frauenlob (praise of women), the founder of the earliest Meistersinger school at Mainz, who died in 1318. His original monument was destroyed in 1774, but a drawing of it existed, and the present memorial is copied from it. An attractive relief at the foot shows the women of Mainz carrying their beloved poet to his grave. Another memorial to the poet was placed in the cloisters in 1842. Among the remaining monuments is a remarkable relief which was formerly part of the screen of the west choir, of which the relief showing Christ as Judge has already been noticed above the east door. It is a striking piece of work which looks like a Last Judgment. It is, in fact, a tablet recording the reconciliation between the town and the archbishop after a disturbance in 1332. The figures are really alive.

The sculptor has chosen the moment when the sentence of banishment has been recalled and the prisoners are being released from their chains.

In the Cathedral itself little remains of the original decoration. We know that there were wall paintings in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but all have disappeared. The present paintings are modern. There is no medieval glass, and only a few relics of early altars remain, but the collection of memorials preserved there is without its equal in Germany. They range from the thirteenth century to modern times. Before the French Revolution there were two hundred and forty-nine. Now there are about half that number—more than any chance visitor can hope to study. They represent for the most part princes of the Church who are now either historical figures or completely forgotten. Of the latter we can only echo Dr. Johnson's words, 'It is indeed no great panegyric that there is enclosed in a tomb one who was born in one year and died in another, yet many useful and amiable lives have been spent, which yet leave little materials for any other memorial.'

There is a pretty story connected with a miracle-working statue of Our Lady which stood formerly in the Cathedral. An old beggar once crept starving into the church and prayed before the image for food, whereupon the Virgin kicked one

of her gold slippers into his hat. But when the beggar tried to dispose of the slipper he was arrested as a sacrilegious thief and condemned to death. On his way to the scaffold he craved leave to offer up a last prayer before the image. No sooner had he knelt down to pray than the Virgin raised her robe and daintily kicked off her second slipper into his hat. There was no work for the hangman that morning.

The Schloss or Electoral Palace, an imposing red sandstone building of the seventeenth century, now contains the municipal collection of antiquities and a picture gallery. The old palace has disappeared, but the present building was the scene of much splendour under the Elector Johann Karl Friederich von Ostein in the eighteenth century. It is interesting to note that in October, 1790, at a magnificent ball given in the palace, the court conductor, Herr Mozart, performed to the vast delight of the assembled company. Later, in 1802, a notable trial took place in the great hall, for it was here that the robber-captain, Johann Bückler, who had organized a veritable reign of terror in the Rhine district, was tried with nineteen of his band and with them was sentenced to death. The trial lasted for four weeks and a hundred and twenty-seven witnesses were called. The criminals were executed by the guillotine in the market-place.

It is worth while to climb to the Windmühlenberg beside the Citadel for its view of the Cathedral, and close at hand, at the south-west corner of the Citadel, is the Drusus stone, a mass of concrete 60 feet high, which is said to have been erected by the Legions in honour of Drusus, who was slain in 9 B.C. between Bingen and Mainz on his retreat from the Elbe. Roger Ascham saw it in 1551 and read his epitaph 'which is no more but *Memoria Drusi* in goodly old letters on an old stone in a broken wall'.

For many visitors the chief interest of Mainz is its claim to be the first home of printing from movable types, and the city of Gutenberg. There are many memories of the printer at Mainz. His birthplace is still shown in the Christoph Strasse (No. 2). His workshop, in which he seems to have established himself in 1444, is in the Franziskanergasse, and he was buried in the Franciscan church which was burnt down in 1793. He has a museum and a statue of his own, and close to the Cathedral is a square named after him. Very little is known of his early activities at Mainz. He seems first to have settled in Strasburg, whence he moved to Mainz, and there, with the aid of Johann Fust, he commenced to print secretly. It is safe to say that about 1450 he was actually working with wooden and metal types. The first definitely known

products of the Fust-Gutenberg firm were copies of the Indulgence granted by Nicholas V to all who contributed to aid the King of Cyprus against the Turks, and several editions of these Indulgences appeared in 1454 and 1455. Then came one of the most famous lawsuits in history. Fust claimed back the money he had lent to Gutenberg for his rent, wages, parchment, paper, and ink, and Gutenberg had to deliver up his stock and what we should call the goodwill of the business. Fust then set up with Peter Schöffer in his own house at Mainz, from which he issued several books. Gutenberg seems also to have continued printing with improved types, but not much is known concerning his later life, yet it is of him and not of Fust that one thinks. How often must he have paced the streets, brooding on his misfortunes in the manner of all disappointed litigants before and since, dispossessed of his business, yet burning with the knowledge that he had in his hands the threads of one of the greatest discoveries which the world had ever seen.

The visitor to-day will find few relics of the city's medieval greatness, but overshadowed by its mighty Cathedral, with its narrow streets, its squares, and ancient houses, Mainz has an attractive exterior and an air of considerable dignity. Many of the houses still retain little votive figures which are far older than the dwellings they adorn. As I have said, it

is difficult to miss Mainz. Sooner or later your car or the railway or steamboat will deposit you there, and it is a mistake to suppose that it has nothing except the Cathedral to show to the discerning traveller. The city has always had a reputation for good living, and a sixteenth-century worthy once remarked that even if he owned Frankfurt he would still take his meals at Mainz. This reputation is ably, almost lavishly, maintained to-day.

CHAPTER XI

FRANKFURT

FRANKFURT can be reached in a few hours from Mainz and should certainly be visited, for it is a fine modern city. It has always been an important trade centre, and its money-market still affects the European exchanges. Frankfurt was a royal residence in the time of Charlemagne, and later, under Lewis the German (876), it became the capital of the East Frankish Empire. Its origin is associated with the name of Charlemagne, for once, when pressed in battle, he is said to have discovered here a ford across the Main and to have founded the city in memory of the crossing. Most of the German kings were chosen at Frankfurt. Outside the city was a field, and in the case of disputed elections the candidate who had been finally chosen had to wait there for six weeks and three days to see if a rival intended to oppose his entry into the city.

The various stages of the city's development can be clearly seen in its plan and in the names of the streets. The earliest circuit is indicated by a number of streets of which the names end in *graben* (ditches). The space thus enclosed, and bounded on the south by the river, represents the Old Town. Beyond this is the New Town which was added in 1333. This extends to the Anlagen or promenades which are laid out on the lines of the outer fortifications. Two medieval towers have survived, the Eschenheimer Turm, erected in 1400-28, not far from the Börse, and the Renten Turm, close to the bridge. The other gates and towers have vanished, but two, the Bornheimer Tor and the Mainzer Tor, deserve to be remembered. Both possessed dungeons, rightly called holes. In some such prison at Frankfurt in the fifteenth century a woman was imprisoned for debt and completely forgotten for twenty-five years. Her petition to the Council to be remembered is still preserved. It is written on filthy paper, and was obviously composed under great stress of emotion, for the writer strays from the third person to the first and back again to the third, and is almost incoherent in her distress. The letter is as follows: ' She has lain for twenty-five years among filthy creatures. Have pity upon her. She has suffered greatly from hunger, thirst and cold. Her creditor who locked her up is now dead.

She has atoned as if she had been a savage. I send this letter to the whole Council. Pray God in Heaven that they will read it and take notice of it, so that this wretched one may not perish in the Hole. She is forced to lie with lousy persons.' What a picture of medieval justice! In the Frankfurt Council Chamber, beside the costly hangings and the pictures of the Emperors, there was written up: 'Remember the poor prisoners.' But their worships had more weighty matters to attend to.

The Old Town, with its narrow streets and overhanging houses and fountains, is fast disappearing, but a society which cares for such things has been formed before it is too late, and there is every hope that steps may be taken to preserve what is left. For anyone who desires to know what a medieval town must have looked like there is no more attractive occupation than to spend an hour wandering in and out among the narrow streets which open out from the market-place in front of the Römer (the old town hall). Some are so narrow that there is scarcely room to squeeze through; in others the overhanging upper storeys seem actually to meet above your head, and here and there, in the most unexpected places, a carved head looks down upon you from above a latticed window round which a thread of carving meanders vaguely in and out. Some house fronts are painted, some are rich with

timber work. One house stands on stilts. Others look as if they were about to topple forward and envelop the narrow alley-ways which twist and burrow beneath the overhanging gables. Then, through an archway or up a side street, comes a gleam of light, and you are back again in the market-place. The Grosse Fischergasse should on no account be missed, a typical medieval street. May it long survive with the Höllgasse, the Rapunzelgässchen, the Tuchgaden, the Bendergasse, the Garküchenplatz, the Steingasse, the Battonnstrasse, the Börnestrasse, where the Rothschilds' ancestral home may be seen (No. 26), and many others with equally fascinating names to remind us of the beginnings of the modern city.

The prosperity of Frankfurt depended largely on its fairs, and nothing was omitted which might conduce to the comfort of its guests. A special armed escort rode out to meet the merchants and brought them safely to the gates, the streets were cleaned up, and the most elaborate arrangements were made to house the strangers and provide for their comfort. Some kind of control was exercised to prevent undesirables from entering the gates. Persons with only one ear, for instance, were detained until they could show that the missing organ had not been removed by the hangman, and

frauds on strangers were very severely punished. One swindler was drowned in the Main in 1400 for having cheated a merchant, and a man was beheaded in 1494 for creating a riot during fair-time. All kinds of commodities were offered there—fish and horses, hops and metals from the Hanse Towns, glass from Bohemia, iron from Styria, silver and tin from Saxony, linen from Ulm, wines from Alsace, fine cloths, veilings, gold and silver ware from Strasburg, tapestry, sweet wines, and sausages from Switzerland, wines and oils from Italy, and a great variety of luxuries from the East. Showmen appeared with their tricks and strange beasts. An elephant lumbered into Frankfurt as early as 1459. It was shown in a garden in the Gallus Gasse, and caused such a sensation that its portrait had to be painted, life-size, on the house adjoining, which was afterwards known as Zum Elefanten. Ostriches, pelicans, tight-rope walkers, conjurers and tumblers all contributed to the amusement of the visitors and helped to crowd the narrow streets to suffocation.

Thomas Coryat was at Frankfurt at the time of the Autumn Fair in 1608, and was carried up the Main in a boat which contained such a strange miscellany of people of sundry nations that the confusion of speech brought the Tower of Babel to his mind.

'As for the Fayre (he writes) it is esteemed, and so indeed is the richest meeting of any place of Christendome, which continueth 14 daies together, and is kept in the moneth of March for the Spring, and in September for the Autumne. This Autumnal Mart it was my chance to see. Where I met my thrise-honourable countryman the Earle of Essex, after he had travelled in divers places of France, Switzerland, and some parts of high Germany. The riches I observed at this Mart were most infinite, especially in one place called Under Den Roemer, where the Goldsmithes kept their shoppes, which made the most glorious shew that I ever saw in my life, especially some of the Citie of Norimberg. This place is divided into divers other roomes that have a great many partitions assigned unto Mercers and such like artificers, for the exposing of their wares. The wealth that I sawe here was incredible, so great that it was impossible for a man to conceive it in his minde that hath not first seene it with his bodily eies. The goodliest shew of ware that I sawe in all Franckford, saving that of the Goldsmithes, was made by an Englishman one Thomas Sackfield, a Dorsetshire man, once a servant of my father, who went out of England but in a meane estate, but after he had spent a few yeares at the Duke of Brunswicks Court, hee so inriched himselfe of late, that his glittering shewe of ware in Franckford did farre excell all the Dutchmen, French, Italians, or whomsoever else.

'After this I went to the Bookesellers streete where I saw such infinite abundance of bookes, that I greatly admired it. For this street farre excelleth Paules Churchyard in London, Saint James Streete in Paris, the Merceria of Venice, and all whatsoever else that I sawe in my travels. In so much that it seemeth to be a very epitome of all the principall Libraries of Europe. Neither is that

streete famous for selling bookes onely, and that of all manner or artes and disciplines whatsoever, but also for printing of them. For this city hath so flourished within these fewe yeares in the art of printing, that it is not inferiour in that respect to any city in Christendome, no not to Basil it selfe, which I have before so much commended for the excellency of that art. Likewise I visited divers Cloysters full of wares and notable commodities, especially the Cloyster of Saint Bartholmewes Church; where amongst other things I saw a world of excellent pictures, inventions of singular curiosity, whereof most were religious, and such as tended to mortification. Moreover I saw their Exchange neer to the place before mentioned called Under Den Roemer. This is nothing like to ours in London, the Rialto of Venice, or that which I saw afterward at Middleborough in Zealand. For it is nothing but a part of the streete, under the open ayre. Here I observed a frequent concurse of wealthy Merchants from all the famousest regions of Christendome. I noted a thing in this fayre that I never did before in any place. Every man selleth his ware in his owne house, except forreners and those that hire shoppes in the Burse. So that there is no common place either in the streetes or in any other yard or field (as I observed at the Fayre of Bergomo in Italie and in all other places) but only within the compasse of their own private houses. Which maketh the Fayre seeme but little, though indeed it be very great.'

The book fair, especially as we have just come from Mainz, the home of printing, deserves a few additional words to itself, for it takes us back to the very beginnings of the traffic in printed books, and introduces us to all kinds of famous men—

scholars, printers, and publishers crowding to the neighbourhood of the Buchgasse twice a year, in Lent and October, from every corner of Europe. Owing to the policy of exclusion and restraint then in operation, and to the system of trade guilds, it was only at the fairs and markets, where all restrictions were waived, that strangers could trade freely; and Frankfurt, lying at the point of convergence of the most important trade routes, was packed on these occasions beyond its resources. Thither, naturally enough, the book trade drifted as soon as it was born. Booksellers of all nationalities began to meet there to barter, to collect their debts, to arrange for fresh credits, to sound the requirements of the reading public, and later to quarrel over returns and imperfect copies. Scholars assembled to inform themselves as to the trend of literary thought and expression, while burghers, citizens, and peasants flocked there to buy the picture-books of the day, the chronicles and histories, gladly paying five Reichsthaler for Münster's *Cosmographia* and carrying it home, presumably on a cart brought specially for the purpose, since not even the pockets of Dr. Johnson's famous travelling coat could have sheltered such a monumental tome. The book-quarter, although fairly extensive, was quite insufficient for the needs of the visitors. They overflowed on all sides, into vacant private houses,

into shops and cellars; they stored their goods in the Carmelite Monastery, crowded out of the Buchgasse into the neighbouring byways, and set up their booths and tables in front of St. Leonhard's church. For days all was noise and bustle; then, at the end of the fair, the strangers disappeared as if by magic, leaving Frankfurt quiet and empty, looking by comparison not unlike a present-day spa in winter.

Among the many notable printers and publishers (to take the sixteenth century alone) who would have been classed under the head of 'Foreigners', we find John Norton and John Bill buying books for Sir Thomas Bodley; Henri Estienne making notes for his work on the fair; Amerbach and Froben from Basel, the latter hastening his end by his determination to make the journey in 1526; Giles Elzevier from Leyden; Christopher Plantin from Antwerp; and many others. Plantin and his stepson Moretus have left us some interesting details concerning their journeys to and from Frankfurt. They travelled to the Lent fair of 1566, Plantin as far as Cologne by wagon, presumably with the stock, and Moretus on foot. At Cologne they met and proceeded by boat up the Rhine and thus to Frankfurt. On the return journey they again travelled to Cologne by boat, reaching Maastricht on foot, where they found a wagon to carry them home. The expenses of this single journey,

including freight, duty and tips, amounted to 131 gulden, so that they had a good deal of leeway to make up out of their pockets. On this occasion, however, the travellers returned in safety, which was by no means always the case, for their assistant making the same journey, two years later, was robbed and captured by soldiers. In 1579 Plantin and Moretus went again to the Lent fair, carrying six casks full of books—5,212 copies of sixty-seven different works. The records of this journey show to some extent what business booksellers did and expected to do at Frankfurt, for at the conclusion of the fair only 1,617 copies remained to be packed up and returned, and this figure included purchases, so that trade must have been pretty brisk.

The fair went on profitably and busily until well into the seventeenth century. In 1620 it seemed still to be prospering, but then came the Thirty Years' War and other distractions, and between 1680 and 1690 trade began to collapse. The foreigners ceased to frequent the city and went to Leipzig, and the last catalogue was issued after one hundred and eighty-six years at Easter, 1750. Fourteen years later a notable book-dealer travelled to Frankfurt for the last time. There was practically no trade to be done, and he and the other strangers decided to come there no more.

It is interesting to note that in the sixteenth

century English actors began to frequent the Frankfurt fairs, but they were not always popular with the authorities, for they filled their comedies with blood and murder, to the great scandal of the city. In 1605 a troop appeared who undertook that they would present only proper and pleasant comedies and tragedies, but their indecent jokes were so offensive that they were not suffered to perform. Moryson saw ' some of our cast despised Stage Players ' at Frankfurt at the end of the sixteenth century, and their performance wearied him greatly, for they had neither a complete number of actors, nor any good apparel, nor sufficient stage ornaments, ' yet the Germans, not understanding a worde they sayde, both men and women, flocked wonderfully to see theire gesture and action ', and delighted specially in the music, the blood-curdling scenes, and the fooling, which made up for any shortcomings in the language.

One of the first objects of every pilgrimage to Frankfurt must be the house in the Hirschgraben, where, on 28th August, 1749, ' at noon as the clock struck twelve ', the infant Goethe first saw the light of day. The house has been carefully restored to the condition in which it was during Goethe's youth. The birth-chamber is on the second floor. On the third floor, in the front, is the study where *Götz*, *Clavigo*, *Werther*, and part of *Faust*

were written, and to the left of this room is the poet's puppet-theatre. It is an inspiring place to visit. On the ground floor one can picture the cage or frame at the door, a kind of wooden lattice where the women sat to sew and knit and chat with their neighbours, and where, as a child, Goethe caused considerable excitement by throwing the kitchen crockery out into the street. All the earlier scenes in *Dichtung und Wahrheit* are centred round this unpretentious middle-class dwelling. Here Goethe listened to his mother's stories, and grew up under that sane and cheerful influence which helped to curb his wayward and impulsive nature in later years. The memory of his mother's simple, happy nature, and of his tender relations with his sister Cornelia, who shared all his boyish troubles, never left him. Cornelia was destined to an unhappy marriage and an early death, but somehow it is her spirit and the spirit of Goethe's mother which pervade the birthplace to-day, in spite of the fact that it is packed with recollections of the poet's genius and later life.

The Römer is a name which must have puzzled many visitors to Frankfurt. It is applied to the buildings in the Römerberg, or market-place, formerly in the possession of a family called Römer, which served as the municipal offices. There are twelve fine old houses, and facing the fountain is

the ' Haus zum Römer ', which was fitted up as a town hall in 1405, a picturesque old house with an outside gallery and step gables surmounted by a small turret. The new town hall has been built at the back, so that the general appearance from the street is unchanged. At the back of the Haus zum Römer is a delightful little courtyard with a winding staircase opening out of it, and in the summer, when the windows and balconies are gay with flowers, there is no more attractive spot in Frankfurt. It was at Frankfurt that the Emperors were crowned, when in the sixteenth century the claims of Aachen began to be ignored. After the coronation they proceeded to the Römer, dined in the Kaisersaal, which still survives, and showed themselves to the assembled crowds on the balcony, while the fountain in the square ran with red and white wine. Goethe was present at the coronation here in 1764 of Joseph II as King of the Romans, and describes the scenes very vividly in *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, which in its early pages contains many glimpses of Frankfurt in the eighteenth century, but I have unfortunately no space for quotations from it.

The Cathedral was badly damaged by fire in 1867, and has been restored. It is an interesting building, if only from the fact that the Emperors were elected and, since 1562, crowned there. It contains a strik-

ing monument to Günther von Schwartzburg, who opposed the election of the Emperor Charles IV and was poisoned in 1349, a martial-looking figure who from his bearing and expression seems to have deserved a better fate.

Not far from the Römer, and adjoining the Rententurm, is the Saalhof, a comparatively modern building replacing a very ancient one, for this was probably the site where Louis the Pious (d. 840), son of Charlemagne, built his ' aula regia '. Here he received the ambassadors from the Danish King Harald. It was here that his son Charles the Bald was born, and here Lewis the German died in 876. There is nothing old about the place to-day except the chapel, but it is full of memories of Charlemagne and his descendants. Across the river, in Sachsenhausen, is another interesting church belonging formerly to the Knights of the Teutonic Order. It has been restored, and is notable as having possessed a very ancient right of sanctuary. Fynes Moryson describes it as follows:

' In the new or lesse City called the Saxons-House is a house of old belonging to the Teutonike order of Knights which by old priviledge is to this day a Sanctuary for banckrupts and manslaiers, so they be not wilful and malicious murtherers; but they enjoy this priviledge onely for foureteene daies, so as when the time is neere out, or upon any opportunity during the time, they use to steale out and returning after an houre, begin a new to reckon

againe the fourteene daies. A little before my comming thither, a certaine bankrupt of Colen entered the same for a debt of twenty thousand Guldens.'

It is only a step from debtors and sanctuary to the administration of criminal justice which, at Frankfurt as elsewhere in early times, was strict and merciless. The city seems to have been remarkably proud of its gallows. They were erected on a massive brick foundation outside the town (their memory is still preserved by the Gallus Anlage) high over the heads of the people, an elaborate square arrangement for Christians, and a much less dignified one for Jews, and both were so disposed that no shadow from them should fall on the property of honest folk. They seem to have required a good deal of attention. In 1424 they fell down. In 1561 they were so shaky that the hangman could not climb up to them. Thereupon carpenters, stonemasons, smiths, and plasterers were commissioned to restore them to their former glory. The greatest interest was taken in the work. The door, when finished, was hung up outside a shop, and all those engaged about the work had to drive in a nail so that none would be able to deny his association with the work. One worker who was absent from the town had a special nail reserved for him, which he was to drive home on his return. Much public money was spent, and when the work

was finished the workmen assembled two by two with drums and fifes, carrying the arms of their respective guilds, and having their tools slung round their waists, and marched to the town hall, where the councillors received them and entertained them at a neighbouring tavern. The gallows thus erected lasted until 1652, when they were again renewed, and in the eighteenth century a final renovation seems to have taken place amidst great popular rejoicing. This time the whole city took part, except the hangman, who was confined to his quarters. Masters and apprentices marched to the gallows in their best clothes, carrying banners, and accompanied by the guild-bands. With them went a shepherd and shepherdess, beautifully attired, as well as a little cupid with miniature bow and arrows. The gallows were hung with a wreath, and an apprentice spoke a poem in honour of the occasion, while a tumbler stood on his head on one of the beams, and kept time to the music with his feet. The repairs took five days to complete. Each day thousands of people went out to see the work, and there were consumed during the celebrations 10,000 sausages, 12,000 loaves of bread, and enormous quantities of wine and beer. The restoration of a scaffold seems an extraordinary subject for merrymaking, but there can be no doubt that the town was as gay and excited about it as if it had

been celebrating the election and coronation of an emperor. The affair might have been comprehensible in the Middle Ages. In the eighteenth century it leaves one aghast.

Before leaving this rather gruesome subject it is interesting to note that, according to popular belief, Frankfurt at an early date rejected the use of torture as a method of extracting confessions from its criminals. The change is said to have come about at the suggestion of the hangman, who suddenly declined to inflict torture, declaring that the victims would confess to anything to end their agony. The council protested, but the hangman made good his point by an example. He killed his favourite horse in the presence of witnesses, and then gave his servant into custody and charged him with the crime. The servant indignantly denied all knowledge of the business, but under torture confessed that he had slain the horse in order to spite his master, and prepared to die. Upon this the council refused to torture anyone else. The story is probably fictitious, but it is of respectable antiquity and shows that sensible people had their doubts about the extorting of confessions by torture long before the practice was dropped.

Frankfurt has one more claim to fame and then we must leave it. The city was always renowned for its apothecaries, and in the seventeenth century

it produced a famous treacle which was sovereign against many diseases. A traveller writes of it: 'The famous treacle of Frankfurt is made by Doctor Peters, who is very skilful in Pharmacy, and in other respects a very curious person. There are more than a Hundred several Drugs that enter into this Composition, which are all rank'd in Pyramids on a long Table. The Doctor hath many Antiquities and other Rarities among which he highly values a Nephritick Stone which is as big as one's Head and cost him 1,600 Crowns.' The Frankfurt treacle had not, apparently, all the virtues of Venice treacle, which was compounded of many ingredients, including vipers' heads, and which continued to be sold until well into the nineteenth century, but it would be interesting to know what was inside Dr. Peters' pyramids.

CHAPTER XII

HEIDELBERG AND SPEYER

IF the plan suggested by this book is followed, the traveller should go straight from Frankfurt to Heidelberg and then to Speyer. From Speyer he can easily reach Worms, then Mainz, and at Mainz he can take the steamer down the Rhine to Bonn or Cologne, and so complete the Rhine journey. The steamboat trip should on no account be missed, but it is much more pleasant to work one's way up the river by road or train and go down by boat. Owing to the strength of the current the journey up by river can be a little tedious, especially on a hot day. It must be admitted that the tourists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries thought little of Heidelberg except as a place where the most excellent wine could be had at a very moderate figure. They clambered up to inspect the great Tun, gazed vacantly at the castle and the river, and then departed with all convenient speed. Coryat devotes some pages to the town, but Fynes Moryson seems to have been most impressed by the fact (if fact it

was) that the situation was unhealthy, and that the town was a great place for funerals. In Ben Jonson's *Alchemist,* for some reason, Heidelberg is regarded as a stronghold of alchemy. It was no doubt part of the popular belief that all good magicians were Germans, but it is a pity that in their search for sorcerers and conjurers English writers should have turned to such a lovely spot as Heidelberg.

For Heidelberg is really lovely. To see it in the early summer crowned by its magnificent beech woods, with the castle buried deep in a canopy of green, the river flowing swiftly at its feet, and the air heavy with the scent of lilac, is enchanting. When I was last there I awoke one morning to find the Schloss Hotel far above the clouds in sunshine, and everything below hidden by a woolly blanket of clouds. Gradually the mists dissolved, and slowly and deliberately, as if nature were shy of disclosing the beauties of the new day, the trees, the spires, and roofs crept out to meet the sun. Then the old bridge took shape, and finally the sun's rays reached the river with here and there a little boat dancing on the stream, until the beauty of it caught one's breath.

Travellers should climb the hill to the castle as soon as possible after their arrival. It is now a majestic ruin half covered with ivy. Trees and

flowers have sprung up among the masonry and in the moats, and the impression left on the traveller is one of great strength and beauty. It should be seen in company with one of the excellent guides provided by the authorities. The entrance is through the great watch-tower across the southern moat, and as we enter the courtyard it becomes apparent at once that, magnificent as the various structures were, there was little attempt at systematic grouping or planning. The various builders added, fortified, and pulled down according to the fancy of the moment. Nevertheless the vast buildings, if they do not harmonize, are grouped strikingly round the courtyard, and even in ruin look majestic and dignified. The Otto-Heinrichs-Bau, begun in 1556, is an extraordinarily rich example of the Renaissance style. The Friedrichs-Bau is later and more solid, with some remarkably strong and massive columns and a number of striking statues in the niches. The Englischer Bau, built for the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I of England, who married Frederick V, Count Palatine of the Rhine, lies back as there was no room for it on the courtyard, and its southern windows looked out over the moat and garden, a pleasant and sunny place which the young bride must have found singularly delightful. Indeed, after seeing the castle, it is pleasant to rest in the shade of the trees and try to

HEIDELBERG

picture what Heidelberg must have looked like when the young Princess rode in one June morning in the year 1613 to join her husband. They were a romantic couple. The ' Queen of Hearts ', as she was called, was seventeen, Frederick, a handsome and ardent lover not yet eighteen, and for the first few years their life at Heidelberg seems to have been happy and unclouded. The Princess had her own household, gardens, and orangeries. She hunted, feasted, and made merry, bore children, got into debt, and her own chaplain lived close by over the castle gate. She loved her books, and one of them, Raleigh's *History of the World*, with notes in her own handwriting, which was carried with her to Prague and left behind after her hasty flight, is now in the British Museum.

The history of this unfortunate couple is well known. After the famous defenestration at Prague, the Protestant noblemen in 1619 deposed the Catholic Ferdinand, and offered the crown of Bohemia to Frederick, and he was rash enough to accept it. In the struggle that ensued he lost not only the crown but the Palatinate as well, and within a year of their coronation at Prague, the ' Winter King and Queen ' were homeless and in flight. Prince Rupert, afterwards to become well known and loved in England, had been born at Prague, but such was the haste with which the

King and Queen took their departure, that he was almost left behind with Raleigh's *History of the World*. Elizabeth's subsequent misfortunes have no place here, but ten of her thirteen children grew up, and Sophia, later Duchess of Hanover, was to become the mother of George I of England. Elizabeth seems to have been cheerful in her exile. In one of her letters she writes: 'Yett I am still of my wilde humour to be as Merie as I can in spite of fortune', but her thoughts must often have turned to the stately Englischer Bau at Heidelberg, and the gardens filled with carnations, gillyflowers, and roses, which were her constant joy.

In 1622, when Heidelberg was captured by Tilly, the castle suffered little injury, but in 1693, under Louis XIV, the town was taken again, the castle was blown to pieces, much of the town was deliberately destroyed by fire, and a medal was struck with the inscription 'Heidelberga Deleta' to commemorate the event. Some attempts were made later to render the castle inhabitable, but in 1764 it was struck by lightning and ruined still further. The preservation in its present condition is due largely to the efforts of a Frenchman, Count Charles de Graimberg,[1] who settled at Heidelberg just in time to save the castle from utter ruin. In the face

[1] See the account of him in *Heidelberg, its Princes and Palaces*, by Elizabeth Godfrey, 1906, p. 342.

of continued opposition he laboured unceasingly, collecting evidence, coins, sketches, documents, anything which bore upon the history of the castle. He appointed a caretaker at his own expense to see that tourists were prevented from carrying off fragments of the building, and worked himself in windowless, unwarmed rooms, continuing his toil with energy and determination, right up to the day of his death in 1864 at the age of eighty. The ruins are now in the care of members of the Schloss Verein. What, it may be asked, do they think of the dredging and blasting operations now being conducted in the bed of the Neckar? The river is being canalized, and one cannot forget that above Heidelberg is Cannstatt and below it is Mannheim, both places of the first commercial importance. A few years will show whether Heidelberg, one of the loveliest places in Europe, is to be desecrated.

The University is among the oldest in Germany, having been founded in 1386 by the Elector Rupert I. The period of its greatest prosperity was during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when it became the great seat of Reformation learning in Germany. Its buildings are not remarkable, but the students are everywhere, singing, fighting, and drinking beer, parading the streets with their dogs, making night hideous, getting locked up, working also amazingly hard, and generally conducting

themselves like other young people in such circumstances all the world over.

Visitors to the University library should look out for the famous *Codex Manesse*, a great folio volume dating from the fourteenth century, containing a collection of the most famous Minnesänger songs of some one hundred and forty German poets, and embellished with one hundred and thirty-eight coloured illuminations, representing every phase of medieval life. There are bathing scenes, battle pictures, castles being besieged, jousting scenes, ladies carrying lap-dogs, poets in the throes of composition, and men and women hunting, playing chess or backgammon, making music, learning to dance, picnicking in the country, making horseshoes in a smithy, and dying most realistically from the thrusts of love's darts. The whole manuscript has recently been unbound and taken to pieces in order to be reproduced, but it should soon be on view again. It is one of the most delightful of medieval picture-books. Unfortunately the reproduction has involved the outlay of a great deal of money, and copies cost far more than the average book-buyer can afford.

The town itself is very pleasant, with shady walks and gardens rich with flowers. The old bridge gives an air of dignity to the river, and the views from below are exquisite. From every point you

look up to the enclosing hills, with their woods unbroken, except for the castle ruins, which turn almost blood-red at times against the deep green background. After all, there was, perhaps, something in the idea that Heidelberg was the home of sorcerers, for in spring and early summer, whether by day when every inch of ground is a blaze of colour, or by night listening to the nightingales, the whole place seems to be bewitched. I have never seen light quiver so perplexingly, or hills and trees so steeped in mystery, as at Heidelberg. The conscientious visitor will visit the churches and see the University buildings, and if he is of a literary turn of mind, he will look in at some of the bookshops, which are only a little less palatial than those at Bonn, but the rest of the time should be spent lazing on the river or climbing among the hills. The excursions which can be taken up the charming Neckar valley are endless. It would take too long to describe them, but no one should miss the little town of Neckarsteinach, a charming place set on the top of a green hill.

The journey from Heidelberg to Speyer is not particularly pleasant, whether by road or rail, but it is brief and must be undertaken, for Speyer should on no account be neglected. It has an old-world air about it, and it is intensely historical. Life there is quite unhurried, and the old gateway which

strides across the main street will, it is hoped, obstruct the traffic for many years. As Coryat says, it ' doth greatly garnish the City '. It is beautifully proportioned, and is one of the most satisfying town gates I have seen. The Cathedral is, of course, the great attraction, and English visitors may like to remember that King Edward VII is said to have seen Queen Alexandra for the first time within its walls.

Speyer Cathedral is, to my mind, the loveliest of the great Romanesque churches of the Rhine. It is not crowded in with houses, and you can walk right round it and appreciate its size and magnificence uninterruptedly from ground to roof. The trees to the east make a beautiful background, and the churchyard has been laid out as a promenade, where a band plays on Sunday evenings.

The Cathedral is of great importance historically, and is probably the earliest Romanesque basilica in which the nave as well as the side arches were vaulted from the first, and its size is stupendous. The church was commenced under Conrad II between 1025 and 1030, and continued intermittently until 1100 or thereabouts, when the vast building was completed. It suffered again and again from fire, but its character was not greatly altered until 1689, when the armies of Louis XIV ravaged the city and blew the church to pieces. The prints of the

SPEYER CATHEDRAL FROM THE EAST

eighteenth century show it with a dreadful gap in the middle. It was restored about 1780, but again devastated, and in 1794 it was converted into a magazine. Not until 1832 was it restored to its sacred purposes. If the traveller to-day is inclined to resent its modern appearance, and the gold and blue of the internal decorations, let him remember that Romanesque churches were pictured all over with bright colours, and that Speyer Cathedral must look to-day very much as it did when it was first completed. It is in the crypt that the original white and red sandstone can be studied in its simplicity and perfection, and in this crypt is buried more royal dust—' sands dropt from the ruined sides of Kings '—than anywhere else in Germany.

A great deal of uncertainty existed for centuries as to who was really buried at Speyer, but in 1900 the authorities decided to open the tombs, some of which had already been rifled by the French. The results were extraordinary. On August 16 the work of excavation began in the Kings' choir at the east end of the church. That evening, amidst great excitement, a stone slab was unearthed which obviously covered a tomb. Beneath it was a simple leaden coffin, and within it were the remains of Philip of Swabia, who was slain in 1208, at the age of thirty-two years, by Otto of Wittelsbach, and who must, from the condition of his teeth, have suffered

terribly from toothache. A careful examination of the remains disclosed the fact that Philip was a slight, rather delicate creature, of graceful, almost womanly build, a description which is confirmed by the chroniclers, and it is clear also that he affected a moustache and had brown hair. Not far off was the Emperor Henry V (d. 1125), an undutiful son but a romantic figure, who, according to popular tradition, did not die at all, but vanished from the sight of men. Still, there he lies, a giant skeleton to disprove the story. The grave had been rifled, and of the skull only the lower jaw with one tooth from the upper jaw had been preserved, but these were sufficient to fix the age of the man and to confirm the identification. The next grave to be uncovered was that of Conrad II, the founder of the Cathedral (d. 1039). Beside him lay his Empress Gisela, with a long inscription of the greatest importance, since it gives the date of her birth (November 11, 999), as to which there had been considerable uncertainty, but inside the coffins there was little but dirt and ashes, the remains of silken burial cloths, and two copper crowns. Beside Conrad and Gisela lay their son, Henry III, one of the ablest politicians of the Middle Ages, who married Gunhilda, the daughter of Canute, King of England. A copper gilt crown was found in the coffin, together with a wooden orb and leather cross.

The next grave contained the remains of the tragic Henry IV (d. 1106), who died excommunicated and lay for nearly five years unburied in the chapel of St. Afra, on the north side of the Cathedral, to which, in the days of his misfortune, he came begging to be taken in as a clerk, if only he might read and sing in the choir. His skull bore the remains of a moustache, his teeth were very defective, and on the ring finger of the right hand was a heavy gold ring set with pearls and a sapphire, which may possibly have been put there after death. His Empress Bertha lay beside the Empress Gisela, and her skeleton was still resting on the wooden trestle upon which she had been carried from Mainz to Speyer.

Other graves, which had been disturbed by the French, disclosed a mere collection of bones thrown together in confusion, and a vast amount of careful examination was necessary before they could be sorted out and identified. It speaks volumes for the skill and patience of the investigators that they were able to report with certainty that the remains were those of Adolph of Nassau, Albert of Austria, Beatrice of Burgundy, the wife of Barbarossa, with her infant child Agnes, and Rudolph of Habsburg (d. 1291), the first of the Habsburg emperors, a giant of a man upon whose bones the ravages of gout were plainly visible. His effigy has also been pre-

served, a recumbent figure holding orb and sceptre, with wide-open eyes, a strangely inquiring look, and a mouth like a vice. All have been decently and reverently re-interred in the crypt, while the crowns and silk and jewels are preserved in a chapel close by. It is an amazing mortuary, a fit subject to have engaged the pen of Sir Thomas Browne. There lie half the great rulers of the medieval world, sleeping now with no thoughts of conquest and dominion, and no strife in their hearts. Their dust can tell us nothing except that one was tall, another gouty, and a third racked by toothache, yet in the silence of the Kings' Crypt at Speyer, a silence broken only by the quiet, measured voice of the custodian, nine centuries sweep by us in a moment of time, and these kings and queens take shape before our eyes. It is a strangely moving place to be in, and stranger still to come up from it into the sunshine and the companionship of living men and women.

Bishop Burnet, who was at Speyer about 1686, calls the Cathedral ' a huge building in the Gothick Manner of the worst sort ', and tells the story, which was once very popular, concerning four brass plates which were then to be seen at a distance of about 30 feet from each other in the floor of the nave and on the steps of the choir. ' On the first of these is engraven *O Clemens,* on the second *O Pia,* on

the third *O Felix*, and on the fourth *Maria*. The last is about thirty Foot from a statue of the Virgin, so they say that St. Bernard came up the whole length of the Church at four Steps, and that those four Plates were laid where he stept: and that at every step he pronounced the word that is engraven on the Plate; and when he came to the last the Virgin answered him, *Salve Bernarde*, upon which he answered, *Let a Woman keep Silence in the Church*, and that the Virgin's Statue has kept silence ever since.' Thomas Frognall Dibden, the bibliographer, was at Speyer in 1818. He describes the Cathedral as large but of a motley style of architecture, and in part of a Moorish cast of character! It was desolate and neglected and the roof seemed about to fall at any moment. He could not miss Speyer, for it was the birthplace of John and Vindelin de Spira, who introduced the art of printing into Venice; but not even that interesting fact could detain him for longer than was necessary to change his horses.

To the south of the Cathedral were formerly the cloisters which enclosed a very pleasant green court, but they were destroyed in the eighteenth century. The fragments of a sculptured ' Mount of Olives ', which Coryat thought the most memorable thing of that kind he had seen in his travels, are all that remain of them. To the east rises a tower called

the Heidenturm, which was once part of the fortifications, and at the north-east corner of the Cathedral is the Domnapf, a great sandstone vessel, which each bishop on his election had to fill with wine for the entertainment of the townspeople. Otherwise there is not much left to remind one of Speyer's greatness as a free city and the seat of the administration of justice for the whole Empire, but it is a pleasant, restful little town, and I, for one, hope to see it again.

Note.—I have just come across an amusing story concerning an effigy of Rudolph of Habsburg, probably the one mentioned above. According to a chronicler, it was made during the Emperor's lifetime by a noted stone-mason who was so conscientious that he counted the wrinkles on the Emperor's face and most carefully reproduced them. Then, to his horror, when the head was finished, he heard that Rudolph had acquired a fresh wrinkle. So off he went at once to Alsace to see and sketch the new arrival, after which he returned to his workshop and laboriously inserted it in its proper place.

CHAPTER XIII

WORMS

WORMS is a very famous city in legend as well as in history. It is said to have derived its name from Siegfried's worm or dragon whose image once figured in the city's arms. Worms was the residence of the Burgundian King Gunther, and the centre of many of the episodes recorded in the Nibelungenlied; it was the scene of Siegfried's heroic achievements and of his death. His palace and lance were formerly preserved there, and the space in front of the Cathedral is believed to have been the scene of the famous quarrel between Kriemhilda and Brunhilda recorded in the fourteenth Adventure in the Nibelungenlied, which resulted in the death of Siegfried and the destruction of the whole Nibelungen race.

Opposite Worms was the Rosengarten, now merely a name, but at one time without an equal in the annals of chivalry. Here was Kriemhilda's lovely garden, a paradise apparelled in roses, in which thousands of birds made music. It was a league long, and half a league wide, fenced only by

a silken thread, and in it Kriemhilda kept twelve valiant fighting men to preserve its borders. She boasted that no heroes could match themselves with hers, and challenged Dietrich of Bern to come to Worms with eleven followers to do battle with her champions, the prize being a garland of roses and a kiss from her lips. But the challenge was her undoing. One by one her champions were overcome, until even the doughty Siegfried had to seek shelter in her lap, and Kriemhilda's father, King Gibich, was forced to do homage to Dietrich, who obtained possession also of the mystic hoard of gold which was later buried in the Rhine. Among Dietrich's followers was a fire-eating monk named Ilsan, who after vanquishing his opponent, called for fifty-two further champions, among them several giants, all of whom he routed. As a reward he demanded fifty-two kisses and the same number of garlands, which latter he took back to his monastery, where he crushed them with their spikes over the heads of his brother monks to persuade them to pray for the remission of his sins. The remaining waverers he disposed of by tying their beards together in pairs and hanging them over a pole. Kriemhilda took her disappointment in the way we should expect from such a forceful lady, but she must have been very glad to get Ilsan out of her garden.

Worms was destroyed by the Huns in 437, but rebuilt by the Merovingians, and in the seventh century it became an episcopal see. Charlemagne resided there, and under the German kings its importance grew, although the power of its rulers never equalled that of the other Rhine bishops. The city was always ready to take sides with the emperors who granted it numerous privileges, fostered its trade, and held their courts there. It was in the meadows near the city that in February, 1122, after fifty years of bitter warfare, peace came to the Church and the Emperor by the famous Concordat of Worms. The question of the investitures, which was the question whether the bishops and abbots, who held half the land in Germany, were to be controlled by Pope or Emperor, was settled by a compromise which left the Emperor with diminished powers, but it at least reconciled Church and State. The old contentions were laid aside, but there was still not room in Europe for two claimants to universal rule.

A little more than a century later Worms was the scene of great rejoicing, for on July 20, 1235, the Emperor Frederick II, ' the Wonder of the World ', one of the most amazing figures in history, whose activities extended from crusading to finding cures for ' ailments of the head and stomach ', was married in the Cathedral to Isabella, daughter of our King

John and sister of Henry III. We have already met the Princess at Cologne, where she was sumptuously entertained. Earlier in the year the Emperor's chancellor had come to London to see the Princess, and Matthew Paris tells us that after the German envoys had recreated their vision with an inspection of the virgin, they pronounced her most worthy of the imperial nuptials, and at once espoused her with the Emperor's ring. Then followed the preparations for the wedding, over which Matthew Paris grows quite eloquent.

'So great was the preparation for these nuptials that it seemed to exceed all royal and even imperial riches. A crown was made for the Princess of the most cunning workmanship, of the purest and finest gold and adorned with precious stones. In rings and necklaces of gold set with gems, in caskets and trappings, and other feminine ornaments, in copious treasures of gold and silver, in the splendid equipments of her horses and train, which ravished the eyes of the beholders with delight: in all these things did the King not only abundantly but superabundantly enrich the departing one. All her innumerable vases, goblets, and dishes were of glittering gold or silver gilt, wrought with such curious devices that the value of the material was enhanced by that of the workmanship. Her pans and cooking vessels, pitchers and wine cups, dishes and platters were of silver.'

The most minute accounts have been preserved of the Princess's presents. Among them were tables

and tablets of Sardinian ivory, and a chess-board and men in an ivory casket. Her wardrobe included robes of silken cloth of gold and cloth of Arras, robes of scarlet and green and camlet, with tunics, and surtunics, and capes, sleeves, cloaks, and hose almost without number. She carried with her also eight ells of scarlet for her saddle trappings, two beds hung with Genoese cloth of gold, and one with Arras cloth, blankets, napkins, chamber linen, and furniture for her private chapel. She was accompanied by her chaplain, clerk, physician, chamber-maids, a Knight Templar, a cook salterer, a washer-woman, and a whole army of courtiers, at the head of whom was Ralph, son of the King's seneschal.

We are told that at Worms the Emperor received his bride with great ceremony and gladness, for her maidenly beauty pleased him greatly, since nature had adorned her with great care, 'and if her personal appearance delighted him, experience of her manners pleased him still more, for he found her skilful in debate and learned in eloquence and witty sayings'. Matthew Paris then continues:

'The nuptials having been celebrated with great magnificence for four continuous days, the bishop of Exeter with the others who had come with the Empress, having obtained leave from the Emperor, returned to England with great joy. The Emperor accordingly sent the King of England three leopards in token of the royal shield, on

which three leopards in motion are depicted, with other precious offerings in which the regions of the West do not abound, and promised him also his counsel and help against the King of France.'

This entry seems to show that the Emperor was travelling with his menagerie, which could at times be a considerable embarrassment to his hosts. The good monks of a monastery near Verona had on one occasion to provide for 'an elephant, five leopards, and twenty-four camels'.

In addition to describing the nuptials Matthew Paris has left us, in the margin of his manuscript, a small but interesting drawing of the marriage ceremony. The Emperor, crowned and robed, is shown in the act of placing a ring on the Princess's finger, while his left hand is raised as if to confirm his vows. Isabella stands demurely by, also crowned. She wears a long gown and a surtunic reaching to the ground, looking slim and graceful, and a little sad, as she holds out her finger for the ring which was to bring her little happiness and an early grave. After her English attendants had been sent home she was rigorously secluded and watched over by eunuchs and old women. In due time she bore the Emperor a son, who died in youth, and two daughters, only one of whom survived. She died at Foggia on 1st December, 1241, aged twenty-seven, and lies buried at Andria in Southern Italy,

in a crypt now filled with bones and rubbish, and none, it seems, will ever look upon her tomb again. No Englishman should visit Worms without sparing a thought for this unhappy girl, ' once ', in Matthew Paris's words, ' the hope and singular glory of the English people ', now scarcely remembered even by name.

Worms is to-day a little off the beaten track, and much of the stress of modern life seems to pass it by. There are some fine old houses in the market-place, and fragments of the old walls and towers remain, but the place has suffered terribly from fire and sword, and in 1689 it was almost completely destroyed. The Cathedral ranks with Speyer and Mainz among the finest Romanesque churches in the Rhineland. This magnificent basilica stands on the highest part of the town and looks most imposing, yet it is the smallest of the Romanesque Rhine churches. Both inside and outside it is simple and dignified. It is inside perhaps, where the ornamentation of the older part is simple to the point of rudeness, that the full effect of age and tradition is felt, an effect which is heightened by the natural red sandstone of which the church is built. The Cathedral was dedicated in 1016 in the presence of the Emperor Henry II, but it had been hurriedly built, and the whole of the west choir and bell-towers collapsed and had to

be rebuilt, and in 1110 it was again dedicated in the presence of the Emperor Henry V. Further restoration was necessary in 1181, and by the beginning of the twelfth century the great church was complete. It remained practically unchanged until the Thirty Years' War, when Worms was burnt and the Cathedral narrowly escaped being blown to pieces. The flames of the burning town licked at the walls and melted the lead in the roof, which ran down in streams. Charges of gunpowder were actually laid at the base of seven of the columns, but luckily they did not explode.

Owing to the comparatively brief period of building, Worms Cathedral belongs almost entirely to the late Romanesque period and style, although some details show Gothic influence. It is this uniformity which gives it its magnificent appearance both inside and outside. Note particularly the beautiful treatment of the west front with its rose-windows, long dwarf galleries, and the sloping roof of the apse which carries the eye upwards to the choir, with another dwarf gallery and pointed roof between the two lofty towers. The east front is quite different. Here the choir ends in a flat wall broken by three windows, above which is a frieze of half circles and another dwarf gallery. This gallery is adorned with a number of curious figures, full of fantasy and humour, symbolical it would

seem of the deadly sins. The windows also show carved figures—lions snarling and biting each other and seeking their prey. These have a special interest, for the figures of men and animals, which abound in French Romanesque architecture, are not commonly met with in the Rhineland. They are not very beautiful, but they have force and character, and are oddly placed.

On entering the Cathedral we must notice the south portal, now Gothic, but almost certainly Romanesque when Kriemhilda and Brunhilda had their famous quarrel, for above it is one of the strangest beasts which ever stepped out of the pages of a medieval bestiary. It has four heads, one with a beak, its feet are those of a man, an ox, a lion, and an eagle, and on it sits a woman, crowned, and believed to represent the Church. To the left of the portal is the figure of a bishop carrying a model of a church, possibly the founder of the Cathedral, and in the wall, on a tablet, the name of the builder of the portal can be traced—Anselmus. This portal is flanked also by figures of women whose significance has been much debated. They represent probably the Christian virtues, but the sculptor has allowed his imagination horrid play in the figure of the world. The maiden is comely to look at from the front, but her back is a crawling mass of snakes and worms which leaves nothing whatever to the

imagination. The whole of the outside merits careful study. There is a solemnity and an atmosphere of peace about it which is very impressive.

Of the interior it is difficult to say more than has been said of Mainz and Speyer. It is well to pause for a moment and try to imagine what those giant pillars are carrying with so little apparent effort. These stupendous churches may be uninspired. Mere size is in itself not particularly attractive, but at Mainz, Worms, and Speyer we seem to touch the very beginnings of a simple faith, a little confused perhaps, but so strong that it could only be expressed in terms of space and mass, as if the Church were striving to crush out unbelief by the very burden of its architecture. In a vault beneath the east choir are the tombs of members of the Frankish Imperial House. Here, as at Speyer, there is nothing to break the continuity of history.

Not far from the Cathedral is the Luther Platz, with a striking statue of the Reformer attended by Wycliffe, Savonarola, and Petrus Waldus, who are sitting at his feet. To the south of the Luther Platz is the Heylshof, which stands on the site of the old Bischofshof, the episcopal palace, where in 1521 Luther defended his doctrines before the Emperor Charles V. Here ' the two irreconcilable

foes of the future met face to face and for the only time: orthodox Emperor and heretic monk, each definitely took position in the decisive struggle of the reign.' The story should be read in Professor Armstrong's *Charles V*. There were two audiences, and as Luther left the hall he raised his hand: 'it was the gesture', wrote Aleander, 'of the *Lanzknecht* who had dealt a telling stroke'. Luther had struck at the medieval Church and her sworn champion, the medieval Empire. Charles and his challenger never met again.

Another interesting memory of the Reformation, especially for Englishmen, is that Tyndale in 1526, aided by Peter Schöffer's son, finished printing his translation of the New Testament at Worms, whither he had fled from Cologne with his printed sheets. Copies of the book were promptly smuggled over to England, and an order was issued to burn them. Wolsey, uneasy at the great demand for the book, took measures to seize the translator, but Tyndale had warning and fled to Marburg. His was an extraordinary story. He left England an unknown exile. He lived abroad in poverty, obscurity, and danger; yet before his death his name was a household word in England, and his homely, peaceful language, his thoughts, and his manner of expressing them are with us to-day in page after page of the Authorized Version of the Bible. He

perished at the stake in 1536. In prison he begged to be allowed his Hebrew Bible, grammar, and dictionary, and his last words were ' Lord, open the King of England's eyes '. Worms should have a memorial to William Tyndale.

There are other things to see and ponder upon at Worms, but I have touched on the best. The Pauluskirche is an odd place, very old, and, curiously enough, now used as a museum. The Liebfrauenkirche is a noble late Gothic building, and not far from it are the vineyards which produce the famous Liebfraumilch, or at least some portion of the wine which passes under that name, for the actual vineyards are incapable of producing one-tenth of the Liebfraumilch which is sold in London alone. Worms has always been a great Jewish centre, and has a remarkable synagogue. A pleasant story records that the Jews at Worms sent messengers to the Holy Land to protest against the crucifixion, but to their great grief they arrived too late.

CHAPTER XIV

SOME EARLY RHINE TRAVELLERS

I HAVE already mentioned the Rhine travellers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in my introductory chapter, and have printed extracts from their records here and there in the text, but they are such an interesting company that they deserve a chapter to themselves. The Rhine they saw was, of course, vastly different from the Rhine we know to-day. Before the Thirty Years' War the castles were intact, many of the towns had their walls complete, and life on the river was on the whole peaceful. It is difficult to say what it was that delighted these early travellers. It was certainly not an appreciation of the romantic beauty of the landscape (we get this, of course, at a later date, with Dorothy Wordsworth), although softness in beauty, scenery which for want of a better word we might call gentle, often appealed to them if their personal safety was not in question, and the countryside was sufficiently fruitful. The river was always

a great joy to them, and the comfort of floating peacefully downstream was as welcome then as it is to-day. Travellers at times were in danger of capture at the hand of some local enemy of their country or religion, and the Rhine boatmen were said to be invariably drunk at three in the afternoon; but mishaps were few, and when the traveller boarded his craft at Mainz he might count on a peaceful, almost a luxurious, journey until at Cologne or elsewhere he took to the road again.

We have already met Roger Ascham, who was travelling in Germany in 1551 as secretary to Sir Richard Morysin, ambassador to Charles V. He was an interesting and observant traveller, but the beauty of the landscape made no appeal to him. When not engaged in plucking grapes or anticipating the next bottle of wine, he seems to have been disturbed chiefly by the thought that he might fall into the water. Bizoni, an Italian who accompanied the Marchese Giustiniani on a tour through Europe in 1606, had no eyes for anything but the gibbets and wheels set up by the waterside, and could think of little but the possibility of being robbed by certain suspicious characters who were lurking in boats among the islands. Another Englishman who travelled from Frankfurt to Mainz in 1688, and whose diary is preserved among the Harleian Manuscripts (No. 6427), can find nothing better to say than

LOOKING UP THE RIVER TO BINGEN

that ' the Hills are all along so high y^t^ you can see nothing of ye Countrey, and vast woods on t'other side off y^m^. The Rhine is much narrower all downwards (than) y^t^ 'tis at Metz (Mainz), and by consequence much deeper.' As a general rule, however, the evidence is all the other way. The Castilian Knight, Pero Tafur, who was in Germany in 1438, describes the stretch of the Rhine from Mainz to Cologne as the most delightful river scene which could be imagined. ' In truth,' he says, ' the Rhine is so lovely that the world cannot show the like. On one hand and the other are such stately towns, and so many castles and so much beauty that a man can scarcely describe what he sees,' while the much travelled Nuremberg doctor, Hieronymus Münzer (1495), in the presence of so much loveliness could only contemplate his end and dwell upon the joys of Paradise. Another genuine Rhine lover was Johannes Butzbach, afterwards Prior of the Benedictine Monastery at Laach, whose *Wanderbuch* is noticed in Chapter IV, and who in 1496 was employed as lay brother at the Abbey of Johannisberg opposite Bingen. His later life took him away from his beloved Johannisberg, but he never forgot this quiet and pleasant country, blessed, as he writes, with vines, corn, woods, water, and everything which is necessary or profitable to mankind. For Sir Richard Unton, a rather stolid Elizabethan who

passed that way in 1563, the Rhine is one of the 'fayrest ryvers of the worlde. . . . Andernach seemeth to be a pretty towne . . . our way lyenge styll uppon the ryver syde a fore sayd, uppon ether syde of this ryver between Woinder (?) and Andernacke, even hard uppon the shore so that horses may but well travayll are great rockye hills of wonderfull stepenes, wheruppon in dyvers places ar bylded castells and noble mens houses which seme to be off grete fforce and strengthe, and betwene the hills and the ryvers, yea and upon the hills sydes for the moste parte, is nothinge but vineyeards.' Unfortunately Unton and his secretary, Richard Smith, disliked both their entertainment and their hosts. They found the people 'paynefull, rude and sluttysh'. The women, if well-faced, were ill-bodied. At the inns they had to dress their horses while the servants looked on, and at the ordinary they were driven to sit down with dirty people, such slaves in fact 'that a man wold abhor to see such fylthye hands in his dyshe'. Such expressions therefore as 'a fayre contry', 'the fayrest ryver of the worlde', and the travellers' delight in the 'noble mens houses and houses of relygyon which stand merveylously to behold', are doubly welcome. They show that even the most unwilling travellers could find true contentment in the peace and beauty of the landscape.

But the Rhine traveller *par excellence* of the period is Horatio Busino, an Italian chaplain who accompanied the Venetian ambassador to England in 1617. Busino's account of the journey, with much more that is surpassingly interesting, was translated by the late Rawdon Brown and is preserved at the Record Office. The voyage might well have been anything but a pleasant one. The ambassador had been shockingly fleeced at Strasburg over the hire of his boat, which turned out, after all, to be little more than a crazy raft ' put together with spittle rather than nails and pitch ', and intended no doubt to be broken up and sold at the end of the journey. It was only with the help of some door hangings that His Excellency could be provided with a cabin, but the great river thronged with all manner of craft, the thickly-planted towns and villages, the vine-covered banks, and the picturesque castles made a great impression on the travellers. As with Bizoni ten years previously, their pleasure was marred at times by the melancholy spectacle of gibbets and wheels set up by the riverside. Every castle now ruined was then a fortress bristling with arms where toll had to be paid, and the customs officials were merciless in their demands, but on the whole the voyage was one long delight. At one place the closely-packed roofs and castles remind Busino of the houses

and palaces along the Brenta; at another he was interested to watch the fishermen at work in the shallows with nets and snares; and below Bingen there was so much to notice and admire that the diarist can scarcely find time to scribble down the names correctly.

Another Italian who has left us an interesting account of a Rhine journey is Antonio de Beatis, chaplain to the Cardinal of Aragon, who travelled through Germany and France in the early sixteenth century. The Cardinal set out with a great company. There were ten gentlemen and thirty-five mounts, grooms, cooks, and musicians, and they all enjoyed themselves to the full. De Beatis acted as secretary and wrote down the details of the journey, but added also at the conclusion of each section a shrewd and informing summary of the national characteristics. The Rhine from Mainz to Cologne was the most beautiful river he had ever seen or expected to see. He relished his Rhine salmon; every innkeeper kept a tank of live fish outside his door with water running through it. He noted the well-being of the people, slept composedly between the universal Federkissen, and marvelled, as any modern traveller may still do, at the great flocks of geese which crowded into and round the peasants' houses, and slept and took their pleasures in the public highway. An excellent summary of his

account by the late Professor Armstrong can be read in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1908.

Fynes Moryson, who was in Germany in 1591, has not much to say about the Rhine, but he visited the Frankfurt Fair, and some extracts from his extraordinarily interesting *Itinerary* have already been given. More useful for our purpose are the *Crudities* of Thomas Coryat, 'the Odcumbrian Legge-Stretcher', who set off abroad in May, 1608, and covered 1,975 miles on foot before October. He was quite insatiable in the matter of leg-stretching. Even when other travellers were carried over the Alpine passes in chairs he preferred to run behind panting. Coryat was a hanger-on at Court and a kind of privileged buffoon. Fuller says: 'He carried folly, which the charitable called merriment, in his very face. The shape of his head had no promising form, being like a sugar-loaf inverted, with the little end before, as composed of fancy and memory without any common sense.' But he was certainly an entertaining traveller. We have already met him several times, particularly in connexion with an unfortunate experience when he entered a vineyard to pluck grapes. His Rhine journey as a whole was a little trying, for he had to take a hand with the oars and was much alarmed at the imposing display of artillery at the various customs towns. I

do not think he is right when he speaks of a custom which obliged passengers to help with the rowing: he was probably the victim of a lazy and unscrupulous boatman, but this is what he says:

'There is a very strange custome observed amongst the Germanes as they passe in their boates betwixt Mainz and Colen, and so likewise betwixt Colen and the lower parts of the Netherlands. Every man, whatsoever be he, poore or rich, shall labour hard when it commeth to his turne, except he doth either by friendship or some smalle summe of money redeeme his labour. For their custome is that the passengers must exercise themselves with oares and rowing, alternis vicibus, a couple together. So that the master of the boate (who me thinks in honestie ought either to doe it himselfe, or to procure some others to do it for him) never roweth but when his turne commeth. This exercise both for recreation and health sake I confesse is very convenient for man. But to be tied unto it by way of strict necessity when one payeth well for his passage was a thing that did not a little distaste my humour.'

Coryat's book was extraordinarily successful, and so much read, apparently, that only two perfect copies are believed to exist, but it was reprinted in 1905, and I can conscientiously recommend it to all who like a merry book and wish to know something about the conditions of travel three hundred years ago.

The entertainment, by the way, was on the whole good. Discomforts were experienced from

the stoves, which were generally either too hot or too cold, and travellers have some very hard things to say about them, but the bedrooms were prettily furnished with tables and a basin by the wall. The linen was generally clean; that is, clean according to the custom of the country. Fynes Moryson once asked for clean sheets, and when they came he was assured that they were exceptionally clean, since no one had slept in them except the servant's mother, and she was an old trot of ninety years of age. The rooms were low and usually panelled, and in some parts curtains were hung up beside the beds to prevent the walls from being soiled by the spitting of the guests. There were, of course, good and bad inns. Some hosts were pleasantly disposed; others were surly and ill-mannered. If a guest complained of the fare he might be told to get him to another inn, and one traveller remarked that innkeepers were so called because they tried to keep in with God and the devil. Fynes Moryson is probably nearer the mark when he says that the innkeepers were proud rather than surly, and that the wise traveller would drink with his host and humour him, and above all never demand what was not on the table or haggle about the bill. In these matters travellers had often no one to blame but themselves. The ways of strangers in a strange land are often past finding out. One English gentleman who

travelled extensively in Europe in the seventeenth century seemed to think that foreigners could be reduced to civility by two or three taps on the pate with the flat of his sword.

Most travellers speak of the ceremonial drinking which still survives at the German students' drinking parties. It was a very solemn affair, carefully regulated, and any deviation from the rules was visited with penalties. Says Fynes Moryson:

'When they are extraordinarily merry they use a kind of garaussing called Kurlemurlebuff, wherein they use certaine touches of the glasse, the beard, some parts of the body and of the Table, together with certaine whistlings and phillippings of the fingers, with like rules, so curiously disposed in order as it is a labour of Hercules to observe them.' We learn also that 'many Germans going to sleepe doe by the advice of the Physitian put little stones into their mouthes to keepe them open, for as a boyling pot better seethes the meat if the fier be covered, so the fier be moderate, but if it be extraordinarilie great and hot the potlid must be taken off lest it boyle over, so it is good to helpe a mans concoction if he sleepe with his mouth shut so his diet be sparing or moderate; but in such excesse as the Germans use, note onely the mouth but (if it might be) the very brest is to bee opened that the heate of the inward parts may have vent."

Speech was also strictly controlled. In one inn Fynes Moryson observed a little bell under the table which was rung if anybody spoke immodestly of love matters.

These pictures of peace and prosperity change to nightmare horrors soon after the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War. Travellers had become scarce, but we have some notes taken by William Crowne, the companion of an English ambassador, who passed up the Rhine in 1636. The towns and villages were pillaged and burnt. Bonn was devastated by pestilence. Coblenz was being bombarded from Ehrenbreitstein, and if anyone dared to look out of the window he was almost certain to get a bullet through his head. At Bacharach the people were lying dead with grass in their mouths. At Rüdesheim the ambassador found the inhabitants starving and had to relieve them as best he could. At Mainz, when he sent food ashore for the people, they fought for it so savagely that many of them fell into the river. It is a dreadful picture, and the Rhineland was never the same again. Grand Tourists at this time, like John Evelyn, left Germany severely alone. They had no desire to acquaint themselves with what was aptly described as ' plain and prodigious barbarism '.

After the horrors of the Thirty Years' War came the armies of Louis XIV, devastating the countryside and blowing up the castles. It is amazing that anything approaching organized Rhine travel should have set in again, but tourists were returning before the century was out. In 1695, not long before the

Peace of Ryswyck, we find James, Earl of Perth, sailing down the river, enjoying the scenery and marvelling at the ' castles hanging in the air upon points or rocks ', the strange shapes of the hills, the villages and woods, as unconcernedly as if peace had reigned there for centuries.

We must now leave these early travellers for the modern world of motor-cars and aeroplanes. We may laugh at them for their lack of taste and pity them for their discomforts, but they are good companions. It is pleasant to think that they possessed the secret of leisured travel. If they did they were ignorant of the fact, for they certainly travelled as fast as they could, and had often too little time to look about them and see the sights they ought to have seen and described. But the contrast is there, and may serve to remind the modern tourist, who is generally in a hurry, that the Rhine country should be traversed slowly and deliberately and again and again.

CHAPTER XV

DOWN THE RHINE BY STEAMBOAT

THE steamer can be boarded at Mainz, but the stretch of river between Mainz and Bingen is rather dull. It is better to take the boat at Bingen and get off at Bonn. The trip takes about five and a half hours, which is quite long enough, and includes the pick of the Rhine scenery. If the traveller will refer to the panorama at pp. 58, 72, 84, 98, 142, he can easily identify the various towns and ruins as he passes, but it may be convenient to give the itinerary here. Get a place in the front of the boat if possible, and do not forget to look back frequently. This is most important.

Left Bank	Right Bank
Bingen. The castle at the back of the town is Burg Klopp. Then comes Bingerbrück, the River Nahe, and the Mouse Tower on an island.	Rüdesheim. Above the town is the Niederwald Monument.
	Opposite the Mouse Tower are the ruins of Ehrenfels, most picturesquely situated among the vines.

The river now bends sharply to the right.

Left Bank	Right Bank
The next castle is Rheinstein. Standing back from the river is the castle of Falkenburg.	Assmannshausen.
Trechtingshausen. Behind it is the castle of Sooneck.	
Niederheimbach with the castle of Heimburg.	
	Lorch and the Wisper valley. Castle of Nollich.
Rheindiebach with ruins of Fürstenberg.	
Castle of Stahleck.	
Bacharach.	
The building in the centre of the stream is the Pfalz.	
	Caub. Ruins of Gutenfels above.
Oberwesel, with a number of towers. Above, the castle of Schönburg.	
The rocks here are called the Seven Virgins (p. 127). The river sweeps magnificently round the Lorelei.	
	Lorelei.
St. Goar. Castle of Rheinfels.	St. Goarshausen. Castle above is the Cat.
	Wilmich. The Mouse. The next two castles are The Brothers.

Left Bank	Right Bank
	Between them is the Streitmauer, or wall of discord.
	Kamp.
Boppard.	
The river makes two great sweeps.	
	Osterspay. Above is the castle of Liebeneck. The Dinkholder valley opens out here.
	Braubach. Above it the Marksburg, the only Rhine castle which has not been destroyed.
Rhens. Note the Königsstuhl (p. 110).	
Kapellen. Castle of Stolzenfels.	Oberlahnstein.
	Niederlahnstein.
	Above is the castle of Lahneck.
	The valley of the Lahn.
Coblenz. The Moselle flows in here.	Ehrenbreitstein.
The island is Niederwerth. The Rhine here is not at its best, but it soon improves, and it is unwise to go below.	
Kesselheim. The hills round the Laacher See can be seen to the left.	Bendorf.
	Neuwied.
Andernach.	
The hills now close in on the river.	

Left Bank	Right Bank
	Leutesdorf. Castle of Hammerstein.
Brohl. Castle of Rheineck.	
Niederbreisig.	Hönningen. Castle of Arenfels.
Sinzig. The Ahr flows in here.	Ariendorf and Leubsdorf.
Remagen.	Linz and Linzhausen. Ruins of Ockenfels above.
	Unkel.

The river becomes wider, and as the Drachenfels comes into sight we approach one of the most beautiful stretches of the Rhine.

Rolandseck, beautifully situated.

The islands are Nonnenwerth and Grafenwerth.

	Honnef.
	Rhöndorf. Drachenfels above, and lovely views of the Seven Mountains.
	Königswinter.
Godesberg with castle.	
Bonn.	

The Rhine now becomes flat and a good deal commercialized and can conveniently be left here.

APPENDIX

SUGGESTIONS FOR TOURS

I. With a Car

THE car can be shipped from Harwich to Antwerp or the Hook of Holland. I prefer the Antwerp route. If this is taken Malines can be seen, and Louvain (28 miles) can be reached for lunch. If it is not desired to stay at Louvain, Liège is another 44 miles. Aachen is 72 miles from Louvain. The country is uninteresting, and except for the Belgian roads, which are hard on light cars, there is nothing to delay one. A whole day should be spent at Aachen. The customs barrier is a few miles this side of Aachen. Here a German permit has to be obtained, and it is well to be provided with German money. Cologne is some 45 miles from Aachen, via Jülich. Three days can be spent at Cologne, two for the town and one for Das Bergische Land. Then go straight on via Bonn to Rolandseck (about 25 miles). Here a stay of several days is recommended. See

(1) The Drachenfels and Seven Mountains, Heisterbach, etc. (p. 56).

(2) Godesberg.

(3) Take the trip recommended at p. 63 to Ahrweiler and Laach.

(4) Spend some time on the river.

(5) See Honnef and Rhöndorf.

(6) With a car the proposal to conclude your tour with a trip down the Rhine by boat may present difficulties. A delightful day may be spent going early by train to Bingerbrück (about two hours), lunching there, and then catching a boat down about three, which will bring you to Rolandseck in time for supper.

Then go slowly up the left bank to Coblenz (30 miles), stopping at Andernach.

From Coblenz take the trip up the Moselle to Burg Eltz and Cochem (p. 90).

Take the trip up the Lahn to Limburg (p. 99).

Save some time for seeing Coblenz. The river from Coblenz to Bingen (40 miles) should be taken slowly, even though it is proposed to come down by water. The road takes the left bank all the way. The wisest course is to make a centre at Boppard, St. Goar, Oberwesel, or Bingen, and spend some days walking or touring.

One day must be left for the trip to Kreuznach and Böckelheim (p. 147).

One for the Wisper valley.

One for Rüdesheim and walking.

Mainz is some 15 miles from Bingen, and a day should be spent there.

Then go on to Frankfurt, which is 20 miles up the Main. A day can be spent there.

A fine run can be made from Frankfurt through the Odenwald to Heidelberg, where a stay should be made. The run can be shortened or prolonged by reference to a map, but a whole day should be allowed. I have said nothing about the Taunus Mountains, but excursions can be made in this lovely district either from Wiesbaden or Frankfurt.

From Heidelberg a short run takes you to Speyer. A couple of hours will suffice for the Cathedral, which is open from 10 to 11 or 12, and from 2 to 6.

Speyer to Worms is a short run, about 20 miles. Half a day is sufficient to see the Cathedral and the town.

Worms to Bingen is about 35 miles.

From Bingen continue down the Rhine to St. Goar, and from there the following alternative route to the coast is suggested, although it takes the tourist far from the Rhine. Take the Moselle road below St. Goar (see p. 123), and at Brodenbach continue up the Moselle to Moselkern. Here see Burg Eltz if it has not already been visited. Then continue to Cochem. Here the road branches off across the volcanic district known as The Eifel to Daun and Prüm (a whole day's run from Moselkern. The Eifel is very lovely and should not be hurried). Then to Bastogne and across Luxemburg to Marche, and so by way of Namur to Brussels and Antwerp. If time permits, the Moselle road can be followed to Trier, and the road across The Eifel can be followed from there, but Trier is too far from the Rhineland to come into this book, and is much too interesting to be taken on a hurried return from a holiday. Any good map will show the road, but the itinerary should be checked by the A.A. or R.A.C., who will supply information as to distances and routes.

It only remains to say that the great military road on the left bank of the Rhine is kept in splendid repair, but the right bank should be avoided by motorists. The larger towns have excellent garages, and petrol pumps are available everywhere. For the rest, although motoring in Germany is not yet fully developed, the roads on the whole are fairly good, but great care should be exercised in approaching German villages. Apparently the district road control ceases at the point where the village jurisdiction begins, and you

find yourself bumping into pot-holes without any warning. The roads narrow down and twist and turn among the houses, there may be a kind of open drain right across the main street, and the live-stock, particularly the geese, regard the road as a playground and dormitory. There are numbers of road signs, but they are not difficult to understand, and some of the towns have adopted one-way traffic in certain streets. It is a serious offence in Germany, apparently, to pull up on a bridge or bridge approach. The notice 'Hier wird gewalzt' has nothing to do with dancing. It means 'Beware of the steamroller'. I mention this, as a great deal of road repair is now being undertaken.

II. Without a Car

If the crossing is made from Harwich to Antwerp, Aachen can be seen on the way to Cologne. If not it can be reached by train from Cologne in about two hours. It should not be missed. By taking an early train there and a late one back there should be ample time in one day to see the Minster and the Rathaus. The time to be spent at Cologne must depend on the time at the traveller's disposal, but one day is barely sufficient to see the Cathedral and the older parts of the city. If it is to be seen thoroughly a much longer stay is necessary, and a visit should certainly be paid to Das Bergische Land (p. 34).

From Cologne go to Bonn by train, and then by motor-coach to Rolandseck, where there are excellent hotels. See the sights mentioned in the preceding tour, and if there is any difficulty about getting to Ahrweiler and Laach, hire a car for the afternoon. The hotel porter will make the necessary arrangements. If this is not possible, some kind of connexion can be worked out on the motor-bus time-

tables, and here again the hotel porter will help. Make a point of exploring some part at least of the Seven Mountains, and be sure to visit Heisterbach (p. 59). From Rolandseck or Oberwinter the right bank can conveniently be explored as far as Linz. Unkel, Erpel, and Linz are all worth a visit. For walkers I should recommend Niederbreisig, on the left bank, or Hönningen, on the right bank, as the next centre. For walks in Hönninger Wald and for the *Limes* see p. 74. The next stopping-place should be Andernach, and if the trip to Laach has not been made from Rolandseck, it can be reached by train or motor-bus from here. Then go straight on to Coblenz, and devote a day, or if possible two, to seeing something of the Moselle and visiting Burg Eltz. I hope also that it may be possible to go up the Lahn as far as Limburg, and do not miss Rhens and Braubach. Boppard or St. Goar are excellent centres. From Boppard the forest at the back can be explored, and St. Goar is almost opposite the Lorelei. Oberwesel is another lovely centre, and it can also be visited from St. Goar. The next stop should be Bacharach; from there visit Lorch and walk up some portion of the Wisper valley, even if you do not get as far as Langen-Schwalbach. The walk described at p. 134 to Assmannshausen is strongly recommended. The next stop should be Bingen, from which the Nahe valley can be explored (p. 147). Walks should also be undertaken in the Binger Wald and the Morgenbachtal. See Rüdesheim and then go by train to Mainz. From Mainz you can reach Frankfurt, then Heidelberg, and back again to the Rhine at Speyer. Worms should be seen next, then by train to Mainz or Bingen, where the steamer can be taken to Bonn. From Bonn take the train to Cologne, and so to the coast.

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